CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

JUNE 30 1962

MACLEAN'S

15¢



World's Fair weeke

Art discovery: Michelangelo in Montreal

Soviet fishing invasion

THE ATOM BOMBERS





U.S. Air Force photograph, Hiroshima raid, 1945

The men who destroyed Hiroshima talk about

GUILT

DUTY

THE NEXT BOMB



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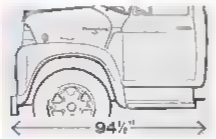
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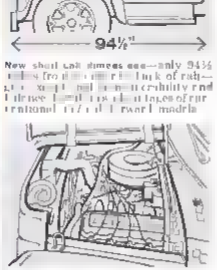
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In the north: a quest for godwits and buffalo bones

From the high Arctic to the Great Lakes, there are more explorers crisscrossing the Canadian wilderness this summer than there have been since the days of the *coureurs de bois*. Most of them are hunting minerals—the Department of Mines and Technical Surveys alone has 97 geological parties deployed from the Yukon to Labrador—but the roster also includes a variety of adventurers, amateur and professional bent on recovering new facts about Canada's past, present and future.

➤ **Dor Baldwin**, an ornithologist from the Royal Ontario Museum, is looking for the mysterious nesting grounds of the Hudsonian godwit, a long-legged wader of the curlew family that until 1948 was believed to be practically extinct. Since then, breeding areas have been discovered near Churchill, Man., but information from the Cree Indians makes Baldwin believe the largest nesting grounds are between Sutton Lake and Hudson Bay in northern Ontario.

➤ **McGill professor** G. R. Lowther and a National Museum party of four are digging for Eskimo remains at Engigstuk in the northwest corner of the Yukon. They believe the site was repeatedly occupied from about 7000 B.C. to 1200 A.D. As part of a continuing search they will be studying buffalo bones, flint tools, knife blades and projectile points.

➤ **Farther east**, Dr. M. S. Maxwell of Michigan State University is leading a five-man team to Juet Island, off the south coast of Baffin Island. They too will study the prehistoric remains and its relationship to Alaska and Labrador. The two Eskimo studies may help to establish the story of man's earliest migrations in North America.

➤ **Skin divers** are exploring the route of the voyageurs between Lake Superior and the West to discover from shipwrecked canoes and bateaux just what the fur traders were carrying to the Indians. Earlier finds include wrought iron trade axes, gun flints, beads, whetstones and British shoe buckles. Two parties are paddling through Quetico Park this year sponsored jointly by the Quetico Foundation, the Royal Ontario Museum and the Minnesota Historical Society. The Canadian team, led by Walter Kenyon, is covering the Namakan River, Lac la Croix and the Maligne River. The other, under Robert C. Wheeler of Minnesota, is working from Lake Superior to Fort St. Charles.

➤ **Four Englishmen** hope to solve the mystery of the Sir John Franklin expedition of 1845 which set out to find the Northwest Passage. Not a man from the two Royal Navy ships, Erebus and Terror, survived to tell what happened, but an 1859 search party found a cairn on King William Island that contained two messages. One told of initial success, the second reported Franklin's death and the abandonment of the ships. Franklin's men headed south for the Back River presumably in an attempt to reach a Hudson's Bay post. Traces of their passage have been found on Montreal Island and along the Back River but none of the many subsequent expeditions have made a thorough search of Cape Britannia on the east side of the Back estuary. This year's party, inspired by Rear Admiral Noel Wright's recent book, The Quest For Franklin, believes Cape Britannia is where the answer will be found.

➤ **At the northern tip** of Newfoundland a Norwegian expedition under Helge Ingstad is digging for proof that an ancient Norse settlement existed and that Leif Ericson was there. The site was discovered in 1946 by Jorgen Meldgaard, a Danish archaeologist who believes it is the legendary Vinland.

➤ **An international team** of U.S. and Canadian geologists is making the most detailed study yet of the Christo Crater, a two-miles-wide depression in Ungava that some scientists believe was caused by a meteor. Because the moon's surface is pitted with similar craters, the information they gather may be useful to the first astronaut who tries a landing on the moon.

DAVID PIPER



In the office: a big business approach to white collar unionism

Minus the tub-thumping that accompanies some trade union efforts, the Canadian labor movement is engaged in a drive to enlist white-collar workers. Results of only importance are not expected for several years—but the machinery will be started soon. Before it goes into high gear, union leaders will try to protect the program by borrowing a tool from big business. They will turn to the motivational researchers, sociologists and opinion samplers—the kind of professionals whose plotting of industrial fever charts has often been derided by old-line unionists. As the campaign develops it may see the emergence of a new kind of labor organizer, recruited from outside the union movement and trained for a job in which the old-timers have failed.

Organized labor sees a need to establish itself in the white-collar and service industry fields where an estimated 900,000 workers remain outside the fold. If the trade union movement is to retain its authority in the next decade. With the increase of mechanization, the complexion of the labor force is altering from blue-collar to white, but the unions have made a poor showing in the industries that are expanding most rapidly. In banking, retail trade and insurance, enrollment is still close to zero. In the burgeoning retail and wholesale trades, union organization is below seven percent. In the service industries—personal, recreation, community and government—it is under 20 percent. The Office Employees International Union after years of effort has barely pushed past 5,000 members, and some of these are employed in the union's own offices. The Retail Clerks International Union lists fewer than 8,500 members.

Against this background the Vancouver convention of the Canadian Labor Congress directed a central group of planners to map the new campaign. It has listed some preliminary objectives: creation of a fund to finance research and education activities; hiring of a skilled staffer to direct these activities under the CLC's organization department; and the launching of a training program for organizers of the future, probably under the aegis of the Canadian Labor College, which is to begin functioning in Montreal next year.

The steering committee's first target, however, is a survey of the potential recruits. What kind of workers are they, what are their economic conditions, their goals, their feelings about welfare benefits, their prospects of security? Are they becoming less a group of individuals and more a bundle of payroll items? All this may require more than a conventional opinion poll. The CLC committee, therefore, will endorse a study within-a-study to determine what type of survey is best.

The membership drive will have its jurisdictional problems. Strong industrial unions like the Steelworkers have office employees in their ranks and would be reluctant to surrender them to a new craft union. The CLC will undoubtedly set up a white-collar department, and this could develop into the kind of white-collar federation that has grown up in Sweden. Such a federation, loosely allied to the central labor body, may be the only way to command the attention and prestige the campaign needs if it is to rescue the Canadian labor movement from eventual stagnation.

MURRAY GOLDBLATT

In vacation jobs: a Dutch treat

Last summer, while shepherding some students through Europe, J. H. Stewart, a guidance teacher from Toronto's Oakwood Collegiate, met Albert Plesman, son of the founder of KLM Royal Dutch Airlines. As a result of their conversation, 275 Canadian students are spending this summer working in Holland.

Stewart pointed out to Plesman that Europe needed unskilled workers and Canadian students wanted summer jobs, but few young Canadians could afford a trip to Europe to look for work. KLM undertook to find jobs for some of them. By May, 275 positions—mostly menial jobs in factories—were available and KLM had more applications from students than it could hope to fill. The lucky 275 students paid their own fare to Holland on KLM planes. Besides finding them jobs, airline officials helped them with passports and last-minute inoculations.

The students don't make much money, in fact they show a loss on the summer. Before going to work, they have a week for sightseeing. Then they start earning from 60 to 90 guilders a week—a guilder is worth about 30 cents—as unskilled workers.

Most of the students get on well with the Dutch who remember Queen Juliana's stay in Ottawa during the war and the Canadian troops who liberated the lowlands. A few like the girl who was mortified to discover she had been hired to wash out refrigerators have asked to come home early. To help the Canadians over the rough spots, KLM recently sent its manpower research director from Montreal to Holland to act as a guide and counselor for the students.

But most of the students are happy with the chance to earn and learn in Europe.—One of the Melson boys, for instance, is working in an Amsterdam brewery—and KLM is happy with the way the experiment has worked out. The airline paid out about $5,000 to help the plan along, but it took in about $130,000 in fares from the students. Next year KLM plans to fly over more students and to help some of them find jobs in Dutch factories in other European countries.

SHEILA KILRAN

WATCH FOR

RUBBER ROADS. Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. has resurfaced parts of two busy streets with asphalt containing a rubber additive. The method is fast and cheap, the job was done between midnight and six a.m. and the streets were open for regular morning traffic. How the mix will wear remains to be seen.

LEARNED JANITORS. Nineteen graduates of a six-week paint course for janitors in Toronto initiated by the Jewish Vocational Service under the federal-provincial retraining plan, stepped straight into jobs. Twenty-eight more men, mostly over 45 and some out of work for a year are now taking the second course. 125 percent lectures, 75 percent practical work.) National Employment Service has more jobs than it can fill at $50 to $55 for a 44 hour week.

COMMENT

EDITORIAL: Why we have decided not to announce who won the election

FIVE YEARS AGO there appeared in this magazine a piece of prose that nobody will include in his collected works, but that has more chance of immortality than anything else we've ever printed.

It was a lament for democracy, which the editor called "no better than the rankest dictatorship" unless we make it work. And he was glumly certain we were not making it work in Canada in 1957 — why? Because "we Canadians have once more elected one of the most powerful governments ever created by the free will of a free electorate (with) a mandate to resume the kindly tyranny it has exercised over parliament and people for more than twenty years."

What promoted this dirge into a classic was the fact that it appeared the day *after* the Liberal government was defeated.

We've been wondering how best to maintain the prophetic tradition of our illustrious predecessors. It's not easy. Prophecy in 1957 was simple. — *everybody* knew the horrible old Liberals were going to win, even though hardly anybody could be found who intended to vote for them. This time the crystal ball is clouded. Even the Gallup Poll so confidently wrong then, is now publishing only its sober second thoughts. Bets are being made at even money. We lack the climate of lugubrious certainty in which Jeremiahs thrive.

But this alone wouldn't impede us — we're used to being wrong. What really gives us pause is a superstitious respect for those instruments of darkness that prophets invoke. How can we know for sure just whom we'd be hexing?

Suppose, for example, we dash off a powerful piece deploring the Conservative victory. Would that mean the Liberals would win? Logic answers yes (after all, it worked the other way last time) but we feel no inner sense of assurance. Nor is it really safe to take what looks like the coward's way out, and merely congratulate the nation on preserving the two-party system. We might wake up to find Social Credit and the NDP jockeying for the balance of power.

On the whole, we feel it's best to return to the method of the Delphic Oracle, and emit an ambiguous platitude. By the time this appears, Canadians will doubtless have the government they deserve.

MAILBAG: The pros and cons of chiropractic / What makes a good man a good MP?

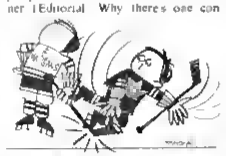
Congratulations on publishing a very fair and well balanced article on chiropractors ("Can you trust a chiropractor with your health?" June 2). As long as people continue to behave like human beings instead of machines the quacks will enlists the reflexologists and the food faddists will be with us for a long time yet. The chief objection of the doctors to these people is that they are very quick to recommend what treatment should be given for this or that condition while they overlook the main prerequisite of any treatment program —correct diagnosis. It is probably fair to state that about 90% of a medical student's training is concerned with learning the art of diagnosis: an art fundamentally which takes a great many years to learn well and is never fully mastered by the best of us. Obviously until a correct diagnosis or a reasonable approximation of such can be made treatment of the disorder cannot properly follow. We believe and I think this is logical reasoning that unless a practitioner has had an adequate training in all phases of medicine (namely surgery, gynecology, obstetrics, internal medicine, pathology, etc., etc., not to mention the preclinical studies of anatomy, physiology and so forth) then he cannot honestly claim to take people in and pretend to accurately diagnose and treat them. If he does this without this fundamental study behind him he has no right to object if he is labeled a quack. Why then do chiropractors succeed in helping patients get well where doctors have failed? There are two good reasons. Firstly there is no doubt that many ailments have their origin in the "psyche" and in many other conditions there may be strong psychological factors present which determine why some patients suffering from a certain malady may get well while others do not. Some of these people, in the latter category often become frankly impatient with orthodox treatment and find a psychological "boost" in a course of therapy administered by a quack. Secondly and I feel the medical profession is to blame in this respect, there is little or no instruction given to students in the art of manipulation. Many of our best teachers still frown upon this method of treatment although there is now a strong and growing body of opinion within the profession that this aspect of healing should be more properly emphasized. Finally a word of warning to those who say that doctors and chiropractors should co-operate more closely. Your reporter attended six different chiropractors and received as many differing explanations for his non-existent complaint. Surely the chiropractors must first get together among themselves and formulate a few words of basic truth so that they know what each other is talking about. Only then can they expect to receive any kind of formal recognition. —DR. N. MELLOR, ROCKY MOUNTAIN HOUSE, ALBERTA

✓ Your article on chiropractors seemed to me both informative and generally impartial. Some years ago I visited a chiropractor after suffering for months with a stiff back and severe pain in the sciatic nerve in my right leg. Different medical men had prescribed pills, heat treatments and plasters without giving me any relief. I then visited a chiropractor who gave me half a dozen spinal manipulations which gave me complete and permanent relief. — W. F. H. SWINTON, LOSONTON

✓ Sure there are quacks among chiropractors as there are quacks among doctors but do we condemn all doctors? —MRS. E. MARTINDALE, CLEARBROOK, B.C.

The cheering section

Certainly Mr. Kelly has gained his fame in the sports field. But I see no reason why either he or the Liberal party should be attacked in this manner ("Editorial: Why there's one con



test we'd like to see a good man lose," June 2). Rather than selecting Howie Meeker as an example of a popular athlete who turned politician, why not mention Lionel Conacher, who made a definite contribution during his period in Ottawa, to parliamentary government and who no doubt gained many votes due to his sports popularity. If Mr. Kelly can count his hockey achievements among his assets and if the Liberals are fortunate enough to be able to count Mr. Kelly as one of their assets I can see no reason for you to raise an objection.—C. F. CLAPP, ISLINGTON, ONT.

✓ From here it seems that Reid has little chance of winning, so sour pessyh proclamation seems like pattering down an open door. —RAY O'MEARA, MONTREAL

Under the spreading Hanley tree

Mr. Johnstone's exceptional study of Frank Hanley ("Nights and days of a ward boss," June 2) was a fair examination of both sides of the coin as well as an unbiased probe of Hanley the politico and Hanley the man. It should be noted also that one does not necessarily have to come from the St. Ann ward to appreciate Mr. Hanley. He has helped some desperate people who vote in an entirely different area of the city and if the day should ever come that the "prime minister of the Irish Republic of Hanley" ran for the office of mayor of Montreal, who's to say he wouldn't get in!—ANDREW COWANS, MONTREAL

The responsibilities of a citizen

David Stein writes that I "discovered" (that is, woke up to my responsibilities as a citizen in a free democracy) communism four years ago and since then read everything I could (Sedbury, the town that lost a union war, April 21). "Now he finds communists everywhere... Stein says I definitely do not see communists everywhere. But I do see too many of them where for the good of Canada and the free world they shouldn't be. I am quoted as having said: "Hardly anyone in Canada doesn't have at least one communist idea." In the context of the talk this line should read: as it was clearly delivered before the audience: "As a result of brainwashing techniques and through shamefully widespread infiltration in the communications media, the communist semantics have left some mark on practically all of us. Hardly anyone for example ... etc."—LEO A. BRODEUR, SUDBURY, ONT.

Northward ho!

Jane Becker's article about the expansion of Canada's cities into adjacent rural areas and the problems that flow from this ("The cannibal cities," June 2) is a welcome contribution to public thinking on this urgent subject. But it



stopped short of offering much in the way of a specific cure beyond advocating a little better planning. To this growth. A far better solution in my eyes, would be the setting up of new industrial urban centres in the north to siphon off a certain proportion of this population growth from the existing centres. More of our valuable agricultural land could then be preserved for the use of future generations. This would also present a positive alternative to urban renewal which is being pressed upon us, since it would create new values rather than merely replace existing ones. It would serve as a focus for our idealism and restore a sense of mission to the Canadian people. —EDWARD CARRIGAN, TORONTO

A Benoett man

As a resident of B.C. (The go for broke boss of B.C., April 7) for the past 48 years, I have seen a lot of politicians, some good and some bad and some in different. I've seen easy going, cosy governments with no progress, but I've only seen one get up-and-go government and that's the one we have in... by — GEORGE J. FELTON, LILLOOET, B.C.

MORE MAIL BAG ON PAGE 6

90% of all oil company product research in Canada is done by Imperial

At Imperial Oil's laboratories at Sarnia, Ontario, more than 200 scientists and technicians are working to improve present petroleum products—and to develop new ones. Their research covers many fields, from gasolines to household detergents.

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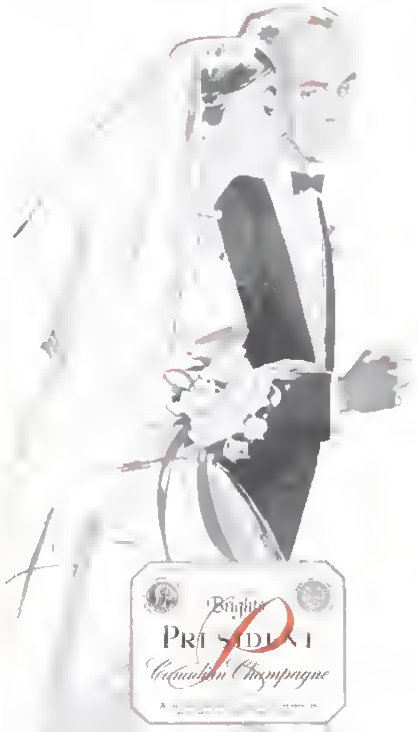
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... to five thousand Russians ... aboard ... is fished off our east coast. They land fish with scows and process them aboard scores of floating factories. This is a report on the first wave of history's greatest fishing offensive

FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT
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All that distinguishes Canadian political parties are the varying shades of pink, says the editor of The Edmonton Journal. The voter's real choice now is ... only in how fast he wants his country led to ruin.

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MAILBAG *continued from page 2*

Why Dr. Norman Bethune couldn't stay in Canada

How to get the most out of life at a summer cottage

I happen to be one of the people who knew Dr. Norman Bethune. The only Canadian the Chinese ever heard of. Mao, 1941, as a fine, non-professional, person. I met him in the spring of 1938 and was in touch with him until he left for China in the autumn of 1937. In 1933 he did everything in his power to make all-clear treatment for Canadian sufferers available to all. His methods may not have been diplomatic, but his sincerity was unquestionable. Gradually his disentanglement became almost overpowering and in the ensuing years, as he told me, he came to the crossroads." He had to choose between remaining in Canada and subduing his driving need to help the poor and sick in vast numbers (which would have required making large sums of money in his practice) or turning to a life which would leave him free to develop his scientific ideas, without the bother of material preoccupations. When he was asked to go to Spain he saw in this medical experiment an opportunity he longed for. Incidentally, he first offered his services to the Canadian Red Cross but they were not sending anyone to that country. The last time I saw him he said at lunch "They want me to go to China now." I asked him why he should not stay in his own country, the country he loved. He smiled and replied rather regretfully "I don't think the RCMP like me very much. I have joined the Communist Party." To him at that time it was not a matter of being subversive but the opportunity to do the most good for the most people. Later, as we walked down to Beaver Hall Hill where he had helped organize the Children's Art Centre, I was really shocked to hear him say thoughtfully "You know, I have never achieved anything but the second rate." He was a genuinely modest man.—MRS. E. D. WAITSACH, MONTREAL

A nuance for Red Kelly

Your editorial of June 2 ("Why three's company would like to see a good man lose") stinks. To suggest that my nominated candidate is not suitable material for government office before he has had a chance to prove himself is most unethical. Mr. Kelly, I feel, should be given every chance when and if elected to show his worth. I may be wrong but I think his hockey experience will stand him in good stead in the burly-burly of public life. Also, the day-in-day-out application of a member to my mind has no relation to his abilities or capabilities be he hockey player, lawyer, dentist or anything else.—K. G. CLARKE, TORONTO

Rally round the wildflowers

I have just read with interest and dismay Fred Bodsworth's article about the wildflowers ("On the nature front," a light lit on rare flowers, May 19). It is to be hoped that all nature-loving Canadians will rally behind Mr. Malcolm Kirk in his effort to establish the wildflower sanctuary.—A. DE VOOGLE, PORT MENELLO, B.C.

When status symbols were fun

I enjoyed reading W. O. Mitchell's "Summer cottages are wasted as status symbols" (April 21). I kept thinking that only out west in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Vancouver could such a summer cottage have been at all! I have lived in the east for the past 25 years and I have no personal friends who can boast of having a cottage in share with relatives and friends. I have known at least five different sets of parents who do have summer cottages but who only use them for one week or two at most. I recall back home in Winnipeg some 30 years ago when we had a cottage at the lake and believe me it would be a very quiet and lonely weekend indeed if only our family of five were there. Beds? There were at least five of what we used to call "Toronto couches" out on the verandah which went all around the cottage and three more inside the cottage's large room. A tent was entsein for the boys if they wished. There were also two bedrooms in our cottage which could accommodate six adults at least. As I read W. O. Mitchell's account of his grandmother building, I recalled such an experience happening to a friend's grandmother. I just wonder what these grandmothers would say if they were here today and could see the bikini bathing suits, small, the hamburgers and hot dogs, have to listen to transistor radio music on a quiet Sunday afternoon with no privacy on any beach for miles and miles around and have to gulp down deep breaths of motor and gas fumes from the maze of cars parked every which way.—JOY BAIN, TORONTO

Continued on page 44





through rock. Before you can build a dam, you have to divert the river. A contractor was given six months to divert the raging Manicouagan River in the wilds of northeastern Quebec—six months to cut two tunnels through solid rock, each 2200 feet long and 47 feet across. Using the C-I-L-developed "perimeter blasting" technique, he was able to beat the deadline by a full month. When the two billion dollar Manicouagan project is complete, three dams and six power stations will have been built, and Quebec will have 50% more power than today. In all, nearly five million cubic yards of tough Laurentian Shield granite will have been torn out by explosives. From the first blast to the last, C-I-L Technical Service men will be on the job, assisting contractors to apply the latest, most efficient blasting techniques—another reason why C-I-L is known as well for the things it does as for the things it makes.

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NICKEL IN WORLD MARKETS...JOBS FOR CANADIANS



How Canadian Nickel helped prevent an epidemic in British Honduras

Last fall, Hurricane Hattie ripped through the city of Belize in British Honduras. In its wake lay the danger of a major epidemic. And Canadian nickel helped prevent this grim possibility, just as it helps in the battle against disease all over the world. For nickel alloys were used in the processing of the drugs flown in to the stricken area. Why nickel alloys? Because they withstand corrosion, won't contaminate the product with metallic impurities, are easy to keep clean. Growth of nickel markets at home and abroad helps strengthen Canada's economy and helps provide more jobs for Canadians.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
55 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

MACLEAN'S
CANADA'S
NATIONAL
MAGAZINE

THE ATOM BOMBERS SPEAK

The men who destroyed Hiroshima describe their later lives and tell how they feel now about DUTY, GUILT, THE NEXT BOMB



Hand picked to atom-bomb Hiroshima, these men are part of the B-29 Enola Gay's crew, photographed in 1945, left to right, Lt.-Col. John Porter, Capt. Theodore Van Kirk, Maj. Thomas Ferebee, Col. Paul Tibbets, Capt. Robert Lewis, Lt. Jacob Beser. For the atom bombers in 1962, turn page

By Ralph Allen
MACLEAN'S CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

ON AN AUGUST MORNING IN 1945 very early on a day that turned out to be a warm and sunny one, seven United States Air Force B-29s left the Pacific island of Tinian and began a six-hour journey northwest to Japan.

Three of the planes went thirty minutes ahead to scout the weather. A fourth, standing by for emergencies, dropped off at the intervening island of Iwo Jima. A fifth carried cameras and a sixth bore other instruments to weigh and measure what was about to happen on the ground below.

The seventh and most important aircraft was one named the Enola Gay, in honor of the mother of its pilot. Ten miles and two minutes from their destination the pilot, Colonel Paul Tibbets, silently turned over the controls to his bombardier, Major Tom Ferebee.

Almost at once because he had a good radar man behind him and even though they were six miles high, Ferebee saw exactly what he was looking for in the cross-hairs of his Norden bomb-sight. It was a small bridge, and when two dots came together in the sight Ferebee knew the rest would happen automatically. The bomb known as Little Boy, sometimes called Thin Man, would be on the way to Hiroshima.

Little Boy was the first atomic bomb ever dropped in anger and when it exploded forty-three seconds after its release all the history and all the prospects of the human race underwent a change, beyond all reckoning and beyond all guessing.

When the bomb bay opened Ferebee shouted "It's clear!" and turned the controls back to Tibbets. Tibbets repeated a maneuvre he had practised as long and carefully as a baseball player practising a bunt just inside the third-base line. The difference was that now his life and others hung on the result. He threw the big plane around at an angle of 150 degrees and plunged it down to gain speed while the two observation aircraft behind him did the same.

As they'd known would happen no matter how quickly they turned and ran, two massive shocks hit them from the blast of their bomb below but the three planes righted themselves and lurched on home.

My God, what have we done? Captain Bob Lewis, the copilot, shouted as he saw the plumed wreckage boiling and leaping up at them above its 80,000 dead.

Major Claude Eatherly, who piloted the weather plane that sent the final signal to go in, was soon so deep in remorse that he's been in mental hospital nine times, seven times at his own request and twice by forced commital. For a while he turned to crime — holding up filling stations with toy guns and cashing bad checks. Twice he's tried suicide. He's always claimed his motive was to destroy the public

The atom bombers today: how they feel about Hiroshima

picture of him as hero. "I feel I killed all those people," he has said.

Paul Tibbets, who formed and trained the A-bomb squadron and personally piloted the first bomb to Hiroshima, has a vastly different attitude. People still ask me, 'How did you feel?' he wrote afterward. 'I might answer with a question: 'How do you feel? We're all living in the atomic age together.'

Tom Ferebee, who made the bombing run, lined up the sights and dropped the bomb, has much the same philosophy. 'As far as I'm concerned,' he told me when I met him recently in Georgia, 'it was just another mission that I was assigned to.'

Partly due to Claude Eatherly's often proclaimed and well-publicized remorse, all guilt, the men who flew to Hiroshima and those who flew direct strikes later to destroy Nagasaki with another atomic bomb have acquired in the seventeen years since a set of myths and images unique in all history. Because in those two furious mornings at Hiroshima and Nagasaki they brought an end to the most terrible war ever fought, they are regarded by some people as the war's greatest heroes. Because in a few split seconds they killed or wounded a quarter of a million people, most of them defenseless and unwarned civilians, they are regarded by others as the war's greatest criminals. Yet a third school holds them to be martyrs, doomed to an eternity of nightmares over a world they never made.

A few weeks ago I was assigned to find and visit some of the first atomic bombers and ask them to talk about their memories of August 1945 and the ways in which their lives and thoughts have gone since then. The truth, except in the case of the gentle and tormented Eatherly—whose torments don't all stem from



Brig.-Gen. Paul Tibbets:
"If we had to have bangs, I favored bigger bangs. This was the biggest bang in history and if they told me to drop it again, and things were the same, I'd drop it."



Claude Eatherly:
"It didn't mean anything to me till a long time after. Then the real thought of it started coming in — and I couldn't live with it or myself. I still see a psychiatrist every day."

Hiroshima — is strangely unemotional. Most members of Paul Tibbets' 393rd Bombardment Squadron are now in their forties and firmly settled down to getting their groceries, families through school and to jobs as passable selling insurance, farming and managing candy factories. Tibbets, like two other members of the crew that dropped the bomb on Hiroshima, has remained in the United States Air Force, where he's now a Brigadier General on his way to a new posting as officer in charge of Insurgency Control for helping friendly governments, as in Laos, to put down or contain uprisings unfriendly to the United States.

Tibbets' bombardier and old friend, Tom Ferebee, has stayed in the air force too and is now colonel in charge of maintenance at a heavy bomber base near Savannah, Georgia. Wyatt Duzenbury, who was their first flight engineer, is at another U.S. base in Newfoundland. The other seven members of the crew of the Enola Gay are all doing somewhere between fairly well and very well in places as far apart as New Jersey, Maryland, Texas, Colorado and California. The man who piloted the bombing plane to Nagasaki, Charles W. Sweeney, has been recalled to duty from the reserve and is now a brigadier general in Europe. Jacob Beser, the only man who was aboard both bombing planes, the Enola Gay at Hiroshima and Bock's Car at Nagasaki, is a Westinghouse space scientist in Baltimore.

The only thing that sets the veterans of the two atomic missions apart from other veterans of the Second World War is the extent to which they've lost touch with each other. Charles Levy, in Philadelphia insurance man who was on one of the two planes that reached Nagasaki, has, after great difficulty, organized a squadron reunion for next August in Chicago. His greatest problem is getting correct and up-to-date addresses. Except in the rare cases of the men who stayed in uniform, the Air Force records are seventeen years old. And except in the even rarer cases of men like Eatherly, who've been in hospital or gone on pension, the U.S. Veterans Administration has no readily sorted-out records either.

"I've often wondered about trying to get the squadron together," Tibbets, its old commander, said recently in Washington. "But it seemed to me it wouldn't work. There were a great bunch of fliers, a great bunch of specialists, the best pilots in the world, the best navigators, the best bombardiers and radar men, the best flight engineers and tail gunners. When they put me in charge they told me I could have anybody, anybody in the United States, anybody from any theatre of operations. Hardly anyone knew anyone else when we were assembled and except for the practices and tryouts, we only flew the two big missions.

"The security we worked under was brutal—absolutely brutal. In our training days in Utah if a man from the squadron took a forty-eight hour pass to Las Vegas, the chances were the stranger sitting next to him in the bar was from the FBI and what's more the bartender might have been from the FBI, too. I was, naturally, the first man in the squadron to know we were working for an atomic bomb that was when we were test-flying and modifying the B-29 in Utah and in the Pacific. It wasn't until we were on the way to Hiroshima that I told my crew what we really had aboard. They'd known of course that it was something very powerful, but our only names for it were Tin Thing, the Gimmick, the Brute, the Beast, finally Thin Man or Little Boy.

At least two members of the Tibbets squadron, through fairly harmless indiscretions, were transferred overnight and without explanation, to Alaska. Another has recalled how during the early days of training in Utah a platoon of civilian atomic scientists showed up at their base. "Who's that man, honey?" his wife asked when she looked out the window and saw one of the scientists hustling past their quarters. "He's a sanitary engineer," her husband said. "What in the world does a sanitary engineer do?" the wife asked. "Why, baby," her husband said, "a sanitary engineer does sanitary engineering." "Oh," she said.

Security was so tough that in an attached ordinance unit the company commander decreed that except within the heavily guarded limits of their base, no member of the unit could speak to any other member. Just before they finally told Tibbets that he was to drop an atomic bomb, his father wrote him from their home town in Georgia. "There's a man down here been asking some mighty funny questions about you. You in trouble up there?" And finally, when Tibbets was about to be ushered in for his first full briefing on the nature, existence and power of the A-bomb, an officer wearing the insignia of a lieutenant-colonel approached him in the anteroom and asked two extremely personal questions about two incidents that went back to his early school days and his adolescence. "I discovered right then," Tibbets reflected recently, "that this man knew as much about me as I knew myself, and I'd better not try lying to him. So I told him the truth, which was mildly embarrassing, and he ushered me in to hear about the bomb.

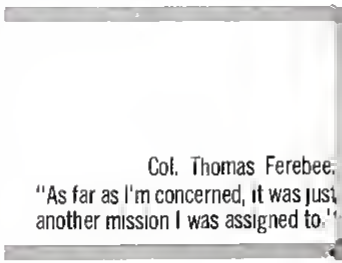
Tibbets, as do all the other members of the Hiroshima and Nagasaki crews, exudes an astonishing youthfulness. It is hard to remember that in that far-off August they were, basically, a group of all-star athletes, one or two still in their teens and the rest in their twenties. Now, at forty-six, Tibbets looks as fit and energetic as a good welterweight boxer or a professional hockey player. All the members of his squadron that I talked to hold him in great respect, some in awe, one or two in affection and one or two in something close to hatred. One of the squadron legends—which happens to be true and which Tibbets himself confirmed to me—has to do with the time in Utah when he administered a spectacular rebuke to several of his test crews by loading two young girls to fly the B-29 and then put it through a public show of aerobatics.

The B-29 was in its development stage, a monster of more than forty tons that was still being stripped and modified to carry the five-ton bomb and enough fuel to make the long haul from Tinian to Japan and back. Finally, to reduce the weight they put out all armament except the bombtrack and two machine guns. But in the first tests the plane was still troublesome. It flew erratically and laboriously and several times its engines caught fire. Even Boeing, the makers, in spite of the hundreds of millions of dollars involved in the contract, wanted to give up on it. But Tibbets insisted this was getting close to becoming the aircraft he needed for the job he had to do and his word, on this project, was very close to law. They kept tinkering with the big, ninnisy plane, but after a few minor mishaps and one disastrous crash, Tibbets found some of his crew in a state close to silent mutiny. Nobody came right out and refused an order or anything like that, of course," he said, "but it was amazing the number of excuses some of the crews started to find for not going up on another test. They weren't feeling good, the weather was lousy, there was something wrong with the wiring, or the port engines just didn't sound right."

There were two young and pretty Wasps working at the base. Wasps being the women's auxiliary of the air force, whose normal duty was to fly transport and passenger planes or ferry combat planes in order to release males for more difficult and dangerous work. Over a period of two weeks, Tibbets recently took the two Wasps on several flights aboard the B-29 and showed them how to fly it. Then one dull morning, when no other B-29 was flying, he sent them up alone. They circled the field for a good half-hour and performed several fairly spectacular stunts.

"When the plane came down, all the regular crews were gathered on the field, waiting to see who'd been flying it. When these little-bitty girls stepped out— Tibbets got up from his desk, still chuckling at the memory, and held his hand at roughly the level of his own chest to indicate their size— these little bitty girls, neither of them weighing more than a hundred and ten pounds, marched out and across the field and those great big football players just stood there gaping. First at the girls and then at each other. They didn't need instruction and there wasn't much more talk about the B-29 being unsafe to fly.

"Tibbets was a tough man and a good man," Claude Eatherly said not long ago in Galveston, Texas, between puffs on a big cigar and sips of a big bourbon and Coca-Cola. "I'm disappointed in him but I've got no hostility. I'm not in the least angry with anybody else in the squadron. I wish some more of us who'd seen the awful results had spoken out against this race for more and bigger bombs, but there's all this talk of deterrents and some of it seems to make



Col. Thomas Ferebee:
"As far as I'm concerned, it was just another mission I was assigned to."



Charles Levy:
"Bomb shelters might save one in a thousand, one in a million. That's the chance I want to give my wife and kids if they start dropping more of the bombs we had to drop."



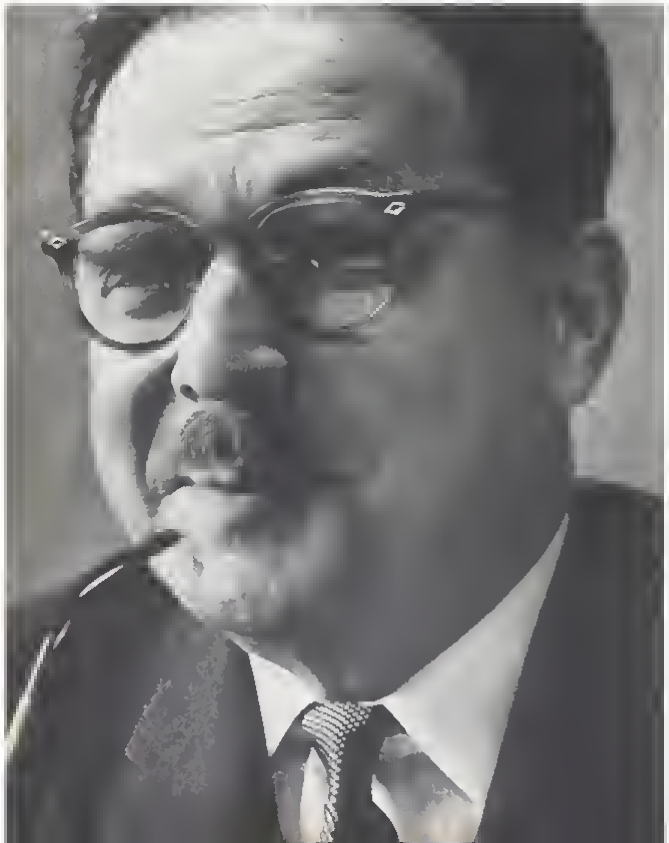
Jacob Beser:
"Any guilt feeling? Absolutely and unequivocally none. The manner in which people die in a global war is only a matter for academic discussion."

How Carl Goldenberg breaks strikes

He has never held a union card or met a payroll. Yet for 20 years he's been settling more strikes in more industries than any other man. Here's why — when other peacemakers have failed — somebody always says, "Get Goldenberg"

BY GRATTAN GRAY

Goldenberg looks more like a professor than a tough arbitrator knocking two heads together.



AN ANCIENT EDITORIAL BROMIDE the one that says "strikes are like wars: they do nobody any good" has been enjoying a revival lately. Spoken by the voice of management it's a trite chestnut, what makes it sound new and even startling is that it's now being echoed warily but audibly by responsible spokesmen of organized labor. For the first time they too have been saying: "Strikes are getting to be more than we can afford."

But like most platitudes, this is only half true. Some strikes, like some wars, have paid enormous dividends to the victors. Others, like other wars, have been forced on reluctant combatants by intolerable or dishonorable alternatives. If management and labor are really trying to find a substitute for strikes, they will come up against the same old question: How else can they settle a dispute if neither will submit to the other's terms except by a trial of strength?

In Canada any earnest search for an answer to this riddle is bound to lead to a Montreal lawyer named H. Carl Goldenberg. Goldenberg has never in his life been a member of a union, nor has he ever "met a payroll" or held an executive post in business. He doesn't accept labor cases in court on behalf of either management or unions, and among lawyers he ranks as an authority not on labor law but on municipal finance. But he has probably settled or averted more strikes in more industries over the past twenty odd years than any other private citizen in Canada. Nobody can tell how many, because most of them never actually happened — more often than not, Goldenberg gets a settlement before the strike begins — but in at least half a dozen cases since 1942 he has been able to end major industrial conflicts which had defied the efforts of other mediators for as long as a year.

Nothing in Goldenberg's appearance suggests the miracle man he's supposed to be. Still boyish at fifty-four, his curly hair still brown and thick above a pink and white complexion, he looks rather like a cross between Mephistopheles and a cherub. When he takes his pipe out of his mouth to speak, which is fairly often, he seems far more like a professor about to explain some principle of economics than a tough arbitrator knocking two bitter opponents' heads together. As for the opponents themselves, they often emerge not knowing just how Goldenberg managed to crack the stubborn nut of their dispute — "sheer force of personality," they say, or "we don't know how to explain it, but Carl was the first man who could get the company [or the union, if it's a company man speaking] to back down."

Goldenberg doesn't like talking about his methods partly because he says it's too easy to sound like a pompous ass, and partly because he thinks the less said about them, the more likely they are to work. But from other people's accounts, and from the record of his results, it appears that his secrets are these:

● He is genuinely impartial. Far less than most men who are drawn into labor disputes has Goldenberg any personal emotional attachment to either side; both seem to recognize this.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 45

Art discovery

THE MICHELANGELOS IN MONTREAL

Are the five pieces of clay in a Montreal bank vault really "lost" models made by the greatest sculptor of the ages? The leading authority on Michelangelo says they are. They appear, in color photographs by Don Newlands, on the next pages

BY ROBERT FULFORD

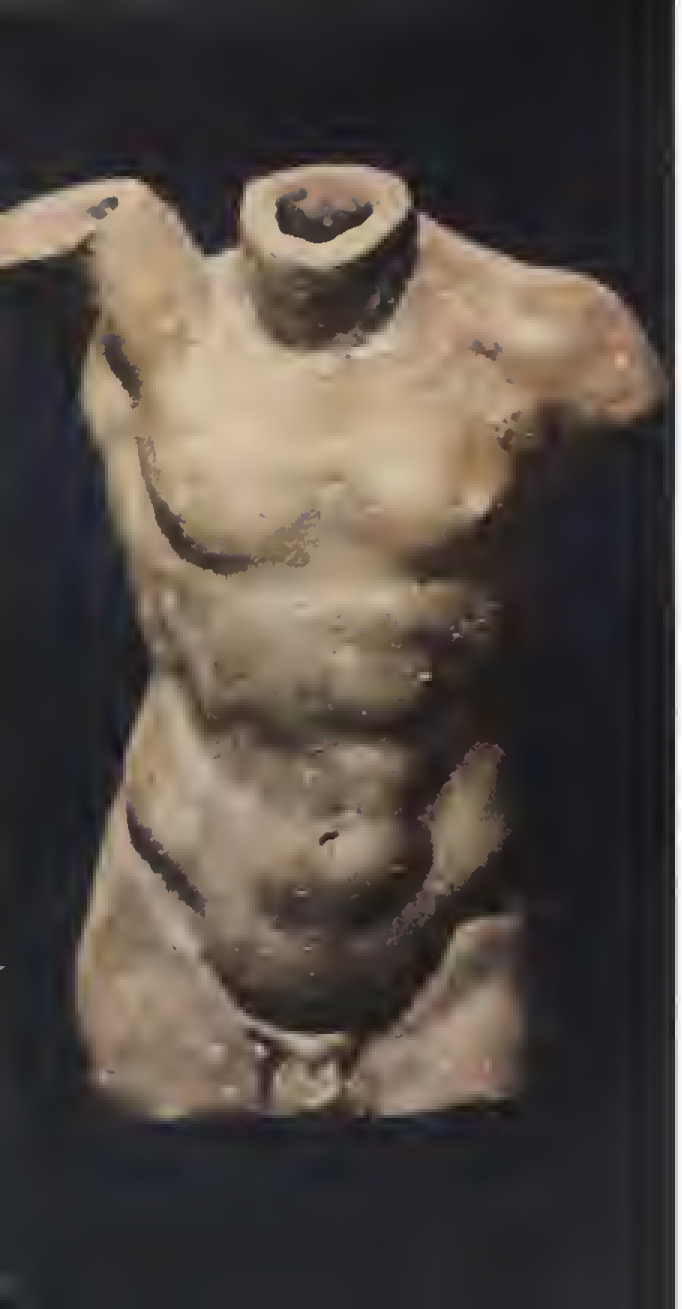
FOR THE LAST FOUR YEARS two Montreal brothers, Paul and Peter LeBrooy, have believed that they owned some of the most precious sculpture on this continent. But they didn't know for sure until late in May, when a man came from England to look at seventeen pieces of sixteenth century fired clay which the LeBrooys keep wrapped in cotton wool like jewelry in a safety deposit box at the Bank of Montreal in Dominion Square. The man from England looked at the objects one by one, handled them, and then announced that at least five, maybe more, were from the hand of the greatest sculptor of the ages, Michelangelo.

By these words some handsome chunks of terra cotta — bits of arms, legs, shoulders — were transformed into priceless relics. The expert who accomplished this magic was Ludwig Goldscheider, an amiable Austrian who has made the study of Michelangelo one of the specialties of his distinguished career as an art historian and author.

Goldscheider decided that four of the pieces (two hands, a thigh and leg, an arm and shoulder) were done by Michelangelo in his maturity, between 1520 and 1531, as studies in preparation for the great Medici Chapel monuments in Florence. A fifth piece, a torso, was done earlier. Goldscheider determined probably around 1500, when Michelangelo was a young man in his twenties. Among the other dozen models owned by the LeBrooys, Goldscheider believes there are two or three

By declaring them Michelangelos, Austrian expert Ludwig Goldscheider, left, gave incalculable value to five terra cotta fragments owned by Montreal banker Paul LeBrooy, right, and his brother Peter. Goldscheider is inspecting a Michelangelo thigh.





First look at the only Michelangelos on this continent



The model's head is the work of Michelangelo modeled this immature torso which he was still in his twenties around 1500

(continued) which might be by Michelangelo until further study however he concedes only that they are of Michelangelo's period possibly done by the master's students

What Goldscheider's judgment means is that Canada Montreal and the Les Braoys now have the only pieces of Michelangelo sculpture in North America and a third of all the fifteen small models by Michelangelo which are known to exist anywhere (Michelangelo destroyed most of his preparatory models after the stone sculptures were carved) Goldscheider's judgment isn't necessarily final other art historians could conceivably prove him wrong and a couple of scholars have already indicated privately that they are uncertain that Michelangelo actually made these models But Theodore Heinrich the director CONTINUED ON PAGE 43



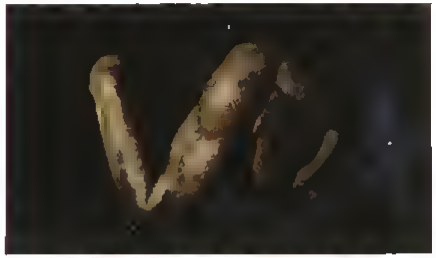
These fragments in the Montreal collection are models made by Michelangelo in preparation for his great Medici Chapel in Florence



Right [illegible] the tomb of a Medici duke



Michelangelo shaped this hand as part of an allegorical tomb figure



Back [illegible] Michelangelo sculpture which no longer exists

THE GREAT TRAFFIC TICKET GAME

Any number can play: last year it was 20,000 cops against 6,000,000 motorists, and the cops won by 3,000,000 tickets. If you're a player, too, here's what you should know

BY ERIC HUTTON

[illegible] "Taxi" [illegible] to parking [illegible] When [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] Mark.

[illegible] the [illegible] plates [illegible] When [illegible] Mr. [illegible] He walked [illegible] tagged [illegible]

[illegible] number [illegible] people [illegible] with which they play [illegible] the game [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible] is only

ing traffic tickets or summonses, but—in Toronto at any rate—there's some indication of what the chances are of beating a fine. Recently a month-long check of summonses issued by Metro police showed that eleven percent of motorists decided to come into court with a defense or an excuse rather than pay the fine outright. Of these, one in three escaped a fine.

The score for the law-enforcement side is a matter of record and is impressive: last year there were three million convictions in Canada for traffic infractions. (That doesn't mean that three million motorists were convicted, because some people have gaudy records as repeaters—like one Gilbert McManus, who moved from Toronto to Ottawa a year [illegible] ago leaving sixteen unpaid traffic tickets behind. He was fined $197 when police finally caught up with him.)

But it does mean that the proliferation of the motor vehicle has brought with it history's greatest—and fastest—increase in lawbreaking. From a standing start in 1904, when automobiles were first registered in Canada, it took just fifteen years for traffic offenses to become the most prevalent single method of running afoul of the law. In 1919 it passed drunkenness as the most frequent offense; in 1928 it outnumbered all others combined. Today it fills

[illegible] of [illegible] mobiles [illegible] trouble—[illegible] from [illegible]

[illegible] ache [illegible] the [illegible] budget [illegible] billion dollars which the nation's [illegible] government extract from the citizen for the privilege of owning and operating motor vehicles [illegible] fines for speeding, going through red lights, failing to stop at stop streets and parking in prohibited places.

A PR MAN IN JAIL: PUBLIC RELATIONS DIDN'T WORK

But by some quirk of human nature people agonize more over a two-dollar parking ticket than over the average of $165 each they pay in other imposts on their motoring; they spend more time and effort to beat a summons costing five dollars than they could earn by honest labor. The reason, in the opinion of Deputy Chief John Murray, head of Toronto's traffic division, is that: "We're all gamblers—there's a little bit of larceny in every one of us and we get angry when we're caught."

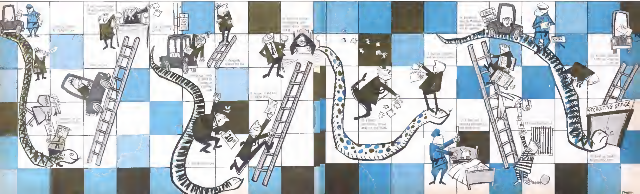
The angriest motorist Murray ever saw was double-parked on Spadina Ave., blocking two other properly parked cars. The deputy chief, who carries a book of yellow tickets just like any traffic cop, tagged the car just as the [illegible] When the motorist [illegible] to the sidewalk and stamped it into shreds [illegible] motorist attacked an officer with a lighted [illegible] he found a ticket on his car, and paid a fine [illegible] as well as for parking overtime.)

[illegible] regard a parking infraction as a crime [illegible] answered with incredulity and amazement [illegible] forgotten two-dollar parking tag can land [illegible] the ranks of the criminals. A few weeks [illegible] Swarbrick, a Toronto public relations man and [illegible] at 7:30 in the morning by a policeman [illegible] Swarbrick had forgotten to pay two parking [illegible] he had forgotten, he said, to do anything about [illegible] summonses and finally a notice of [illegible] By now the original four-dollar penalty had grown to $38, and the policeman at the door demanded cash or Swarbrick's surrender.

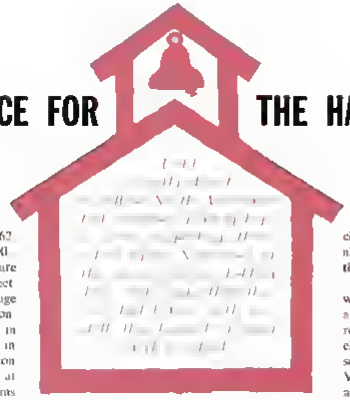
Swarbrick didn't happen to have $38 at the moment, so he was driven in the police car to police headquarters, where he was transferred to a paddywagon which already contained another traffic offender who owed $14. At another police station they picked up a third man who had accumulated $176 in fines for nine tickets. At the Don Jail the three parking-ticket criminals were made to hand over their belts (as a precaution against attempted suicide) and placed in a bullpen with forty other prisoners. These included a Puerto Rican charged with wounding, three drug addicts, one pimp, two men charged with rape, and thirty drunks.

At midmorning a friend paid Swarbrick's fine and he was released. The nine-ticket CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

[illegible] losing battle in the great traffic ticket game, he used tears, guile, disdain, fought in all the early rounds but, in the end, he knew he couldn't lick them. So he joined them



A FIGHTING CHANCE FOR THE HARD-CORE JOBLESS



BY IAN SCLANDERS
Maclean's Washington editor

IN THIS EARLY THANKSGIVING SEASON of 1962 it's an unhappy anomaly that close to 4,000,000 Americans and 500,000 Canadians are still out of work. Yet most of them expect and have expected right along, to be wage earners again sooner or later and their confidence has been strengthened by a rise in the demand for labor as compared with that in 1961 and by the fact that both Washington and Ottawa seem to have put unemployment at the top of the list of urgent national problems for which early solutions must be found.

Until quite recently though a minority of the jobless — those who had been idle for at least six months and in many cases for a year or more — had just about given up hope of returning to the ranks of the self-supporting. There were 734,000 of these people in the U.S. and 87,000 in Canada when they were counted in the spring and most of them had two things in common: relatively little schooling and a background of experience that fitted them only for tasks that either don't need human hands these days or require fewer hands than formerly. Without marketable skills they were virtual castoffs as unwanted as outworn machinery.

WHAT UNEMPLOYMENT TAUGHT WEST VIRGINIA

Those who fall into this category are called the "hard-core" unemployed by economists, who ascribe their plight to "structural changes" in industry. More specifically, they are the one farmer in five, the two coal miners in three, the two railroaders in five and all the other scores of thousands who have been displaced by postwar technological advances. They are, to cite a familiar example, the 30,000 to 40,000 men and women in New York City alone who operated the elevators the passengers now operate themselves. For researchers probing the causes of North America's labor surplus they are also a constant reminder that it once took 140 men with shovels and horses to move the same amount of earth that one man with a bulldozer can move now.

While the number of hard-core unemployed has been increasing at an estimated rate of 5,500 a week in the U.S. and 500 in Canada, their prospects suddenly appear to be a bit less bleak and discouraging than they were if not exactly bright. Knowledgeable officials at Washington and Ottawa are now predicting that a lot of them, perhaps more than half, can be salvaged from the scrap heap.

The improvement in their prospects may not have actually begun in the small town of Welch in the hills of badly depressed West Virginia — hills that squat on enormous deposits of coal. But the improvement stems from a new acceptance in the U.S. and Canada of the idea that obsolete workers can be retrained, updated and restored to usefulness — an idea that Welch certainly helped to spread. It was there, in 1959, that George Bryson, the superintendent of schools, summoned unemployed coal miners to a meeting at the McDowell County Vocational School. Among those on the platform was Miss Ethel Fryer, state counseling supervisor of the West Virginia employment security department, a spry, diminutive, gray-haired woman in her sixties. Bryson and Miss Fryer told the miners what they already knew but didn't like to admit even to themselves: that mechanization had made them unnecessary to the mines, not temporarily but permanently. Then they told them they were sure old miners could be taught new skills like welding, motor mechanics, woodworking and the repair of household appliances. If the miners acquired these skills they'd have a chance of acquiring new jobs. If courses of instruction were organized, the classes would have to be at night, since the regular students filled the school by day. The miners nodded in agreement. They nodded again and laughed, when Miss Fryer mentioned that they would have to attend classes punctually and regularly and submit to all the school rules, including no smoking in the classroom.

West Virginia's government, as it turned out, was as enthusiastic as the miners themselves about training and in no time the courses were rolling smoothly. There were those who traveled twenty or thirty miles from their homes to school in every kind of weather. Although West Virginia is noted for hillbillies, moonshine stills and the famous and bloody feud of the Hatfields and McCoys, and its coal miners have a legendary reputation for being tough and tough-, these miners in the classroom behaved like model schoolboys.

WHAT WEST VIRGINIA TAUGHT KENNEDY

In half the counties of the state more than twelve percent of the workers are unemployed and there are districts where this runs as high as twenty-five percent. In spite of this, most of those who completed the initial courses at Welch found work. The West Virginia Legislature reacted by voting $400,000 in 1960 and $500,000 in 1961 to retrain the unemployed and the Welch plan was adopted throughout the state.

Yet it would hardly have had an impact on the whole U.S., an impact felt across the border in Canada, if it hadn't been for John F. Kennedy's presidential election campaign. Of West Virginia's 1,850,000 residents nearly five out of 100 are Protestant. As a Roman Catholic, Kennedy realized that if he could win the Democratic primaries in this Protestant state it would be a long stride toward the nomination at the Democratic national convention. So he invaded West Virginia, trailed by an army of reporters.

He — and the reporters — were appalled at the unemployment and the signs of want and poverty. Kennedy promised that if he were elected he'd do his best to end the unemployment and revive the economy. He — and the reporters — had a look at the retraining courses for the unemployed and was deeply impressed, as press dispatches told the world.

As it turned out West Virginia voted overwhelmingly for

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

Holiday weekend at the World's Fair



Two more for the—Bob and Audrey McCarthy, Bobby, 13, Valerie, 10, Shelley, 8— plus [illegible] Seattle's World's Fair



Off the fair at a Saturday tourist, the Metcalfes ride a monorail sidewalk up to the monorail train that takes visitors from downtown Seattle to the fairgrounds in two minutes



Indian Village at the Metcalfes joined an Eskimo dance of 23 tribes at the fair. The ceremony took six hours





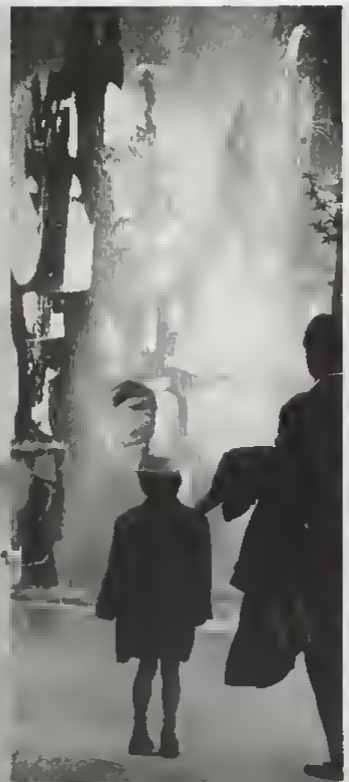
Here in the children's exhibit hall Andrey, Shelley, Valerie and Bobby watch a cartoon of cats in rock

A FAMILY'S AFFAIR WITH TWORLD'S FAIR: THE THEME IS THE SPACE AGE BUT THE MUSE WAS P. T. BARNUM

The Metcalfes say, as the millionth fair goer would like the lighted fountain

But Oriental baubles, no fair is complete without them, delight Andrey and Shelley









BY ROBERT METCALFE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARSHALL LOCKMAN

A MILLION OR MORE CANADIANS are expected at the World's Fair in Seattle Washington this summer and Seattle is hopefully looking for ten million visitors altogether. When we were there a week after the six months' fair opened on April 21 there were about 40,000 people a day at the fairgrounds — about par with Vancouver's Pacific National Exhibition or Winnipeg's Red River Exhibition. Attendance reached 75,000 on the Sunday after we left, not yet in sight of the 300,000 that go to the CNE in Toronto on a good Saturday.

It was our first World's Fair (North America's first since 1939) and our children's first trip to the U.S. Our expectations had been fired for months by press agents ballyhooing "Century 21 Exposition — The Space Age World's Fair — Most Stimulating World's Fair Ever Staged!" The publicists had made the fair's "space needle" almost as familiar as the Eiffel Tower and the unabashed enthusiasm of the Vancouver newspapers had suggested the fair was going on in Stanley Park (Vancouver hopes to grow it handsomely from the flood of fair goers to the West Coast).

For five years Seattle, which has a population of about 600,000, had labored to produce a World's Fair. The city began with plans for a modest festival of the west and ended with what the fair's promoters are now calling "An Animated Jewel Mined From The Intellect And Creativity Of Scientists, Artists And Men Of Vision." For us — my wife Audrey, Bobby (fifteen), Valerie (ten) and Shelley (eight) — the fair began with our initiation as fledgling players in the West Coast's popular new game, How Much Does It Really Cost To See The World's Fair? As our first move I phoned the fair's housing bureau, Expo Lodging, which has enlisted rooms in fraternity houses, military barracks and campus dormitories as well as hotels and motels. There's a B.C. agent for Expo in Prince George, 600 miles north of Seattle. Ads urged us to book accommodation well in advance.

I asked Expo for a motel close to the fair at a reasonable rate. The girl phoned back that we were hooked into the Coach House, 4081 24th Northeast, at $24 a day.

"Twenty-four dollars?" I said. "Is that reasonable?"

"Yes," she said. "It's only two blocks from the fair."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28



THE SOVIET'S FLOATING CITY IN OUR ATLANTIC WATERS

Twenty-five thousand Russian fishermen, aboard a city-fleet of 200 ships, are scouring the banks of Newfoundland. They live with most of the comforts of home and stalk fish with scientific precision. They are, in fact, the first wave of history's biggest fishing offensive

BY JOHN D. HARBRON

A FEW HOURS BY TRAWLER from Canada's Atlantic coasts the Soviet Union is carrying on the biggest, most relentless fishing operation in history. It threatens the livelihood of 45,000 Canadian fishermen, the economy of the Atlantic provinces, the east coast's $60-100,000,000 fish selling business and, ultimately, the future of all fishing for the men of sixteen countries who fish the waters off Newfoundland and Nova Scotia.

Canadian marine officials and some fishermen say the Russians may soon be catching so many fish offshore that they'll leave nothing for Canadian boats inshore. Long before then the Russians may have moved in on the Canadian fishermen's markets. So far they have taken their catch home to the U.S.S.R. But the newer Russian trawlers can arrive in any port with hundreds of tons of fish *already* filleted, frozen and packaged. They *could* unload in our vital markets in New England and the U.K.

Finally, some fisheries officials fear that at the rate the Russians are catching fish today, and the rate they're building ships to catch more tomorrow, there won't be enough fish left in the ocean to breed future catches.

"We've never seen anything like it," says G. N. Gillespie of the federal department of fisheries in Halifax. "If they don't slow down soon the Russians are going to fish out the North Atlantic."

The Russians are newcomers to the banks. Before 1960 no North Atlantic fisherman had ever seen a full-scale Russian fishing fleet. That summer 180 Soviet ships arrived together, about 100 miles off Newfoundland. Some were as big as small trans-Atlantic liners; many were freshly launched 3,500-ton stern-ramp factory trawlers of a design and performance older banks fishermen soon learned to recognize; and all of them had come in convoy from ports 4,000 miles away on the Baltic Sea or Arctic Ocean. Their crews totaled 25,000 men and, in the Commons, Newfoundland Liberal J. R. Tucker complained: "There are more Russians out there than Newfoundlanders." (Tucker wasn't joking; there are only about 18,000 fishermen in Newfoundland.)

By now, probably even more Russian ships are fishing the banks off Newfoundland. Robin Mahon, a fisheries statistician at St. John's estimates this number (from 230 ships. Dr. Wilfred Templeman, chief biologist at the Newfoundland fisheries research station, says: "A Newfoundland dragger trying to fish with the Russian fleet would be like a man on a bicycle in New York traffic."

But it isn't just the size of the Russian fleet that worries Canadian officials. It's the way the Russians fish. Their huge nets literally roll up the sea and sweep up all the fish," says Gillespie. "They leave nothing in the water. They throw no fish overboard. You don't even see a dead fish floating belly up. Their whole operation is like a giant carpet sweeper at work."

The Russians fish the way a good army opens a campaign. Their fleet is not just a bunch of assorted ships and men and women. It's a tightly organized and well directed team, serviced by water tankers, floating machine shops and floating

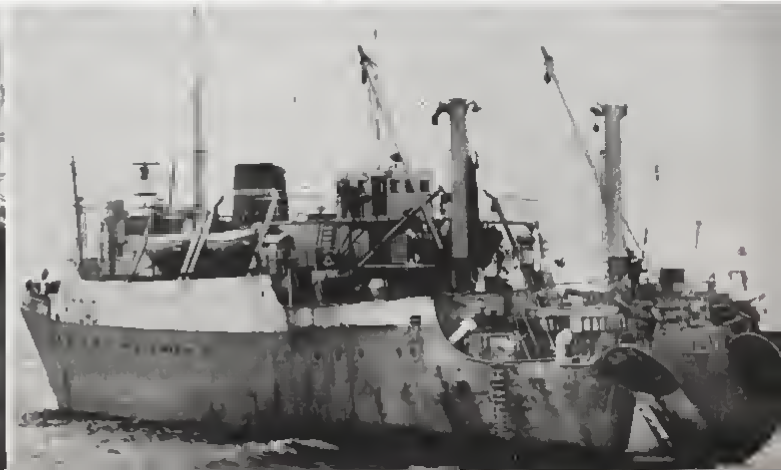
CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

It was the first Russian ship in Yarmouth's 200-year history, which school students crowded aboard to talk to the two crewmen who knew English.

The supply ships serve a dozen classes of stern-ramp trawlers like the one behind, keeping them on the Atlantic banks for up to three months.









FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT

BASIL DEAN SAYS

WE ON THE RIGHT HAVE NO VOTE

A VOTER LIKE ME, someone who adheres to the right in politics has no party to support in this election. I believe there are a lot more of us than there appear to be, or than politicians are apt to think. We go to the polls because, in our old-fashioned way, we believe that citizens in a parliamentary democracy have a duty to exercise their franchise. But when we enter the polling booth all we can do is choose the least obnoxious of the available evils.

I find the largest part of all the programs presented by all the parties in this election distasteful. I am convinced that public policies in Canada have pointed us in the direction of grave trouble and possibly disaster, and that the voter's real choice lies only in how fast he wants his country led to ruin.

If you believe as I do that family allowances in their present form are a shameful and deceptive piece of political bribery; that the Unemployment Insurance fund has been bankrupted through abuses encouraged by official improvidence and perpetuated by politicians' fears of the consequences of correcting them; that the thrifty among us are being systematically defrauded by inflation; that our position as a trading nation is being destroyed by the trend of costs and wages; if you believe these things, you are without a political party. Individual politicians may agree with you in private, but when these same politicians are in office you need expect no action from them.

There was a time when politicians more concerned for the future of their country than for the safety of their seats might have been heard speaking up sternly against such developments as I have described. But they have not been audible in public life in this country for at least a generation — and their voices were becoming both rare and muted long before that. I suspect that if any politician today voiced opinions remotely resembling those contained in the last paragraph, the women and children whose interests he was trying to protect would be trampled to death beneath the stampede of his party leaders, intent on dissociating themselves from his remarks.

Who, then, speaks today for the right — the political and philosophical right — in Canadian politics?

Not the New Democratic Party, it doesn't claim to.

The Liberals with their plans for wider and ever more expensive welfare benefits? Hardly.

Social Credit? This is the party which nationalized British Columbia Electric — an action which speaks more eloquently than Premier Ernest Manning's frequent endorsements of free enterprise.

The Progressive Conservatives? Their name alone is a dead give-away, even if we didn't have their record of the last five years to guide us.

All these are parties of the left or the left-centre. Their hue comes in varying shades of pink. If they cherish any rightist notions (such notions as the belief that the way to raise your standard of living is to work harder) they manage to keep them extremely well hidden, especially during election campaigns.

But if they — or you — doubt that there is a substantial body of right wing opinion in Canada, and in the United States as well, it is time to consider what has been happening in recent years. We have an assortment of right wing political associations outside the main parties, some of them (like the John Birch society) perilously close to the lunatic fringe. We have rightist sentiment coagulating around such figures as Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona. And perhaps most surprising and striking of all, we have the upsurge of right wing political movements in our universities.

It is normal for university students to be rebellious against the existing order of things. In my day I was as rebellious as the rest. But at that time, at the English university I attended, our rebellion assumed the shape of pacifism, a wholly illogical position that Britain should (a) refuse to rearm and (b) institute sanctions against Italy on the question of Abyssinia; and since we were all socialists, a vague belief that if socialists, communists, Trotskyites and, if necessary, anarchists would only work together, we could drive the old guard from public life.

Nowadays, however, I gather that rebellious university students join an organization known as the Radical Conservatives, whose political position seems to be somewhat to the right of King Louis XIV. I suppose there is no point in rebelling on the left, since the whole left-hand side of the political spectrum is fully occupied by the existing political parties. Being a communist is, to say the least, unfashionable and perhaps not very rewarding, and short of communism the left is full up.

WHY ALL CANADIAN PARTIES STAMPEDED TO THE LEFT

How did things come to this pass? Why did every political party in Canada veer to the left — in such a blind rush that the doctrines of the CCF, the Liberals and the Tories suddenly began colliding all over the place?

It happened, I think, for a number of reasons. Before the rise of the Radical movement in England, which led firstly to the great reforming movement of the Liberal government which came to power in 1906, and later on to the rise of the Labor party, the political left in the English-speaking world was as vacant as the political right is now. Power alternated between two parties of the right who differed in the second half of the nineteenth century mainly on the questions of tariff reform and Imperial expansion. Their philosophies changed only slightly in the course of crossing the Atlantic: an election (won by the Tories) was fought on the question of tariffs in Canada in 1911. But Free Trade vs. Tariffs had ceased to be an issue by the mid-thirties, leaving the Liberals and Conservatives in Canada with very little to fight about.

The Tories had the misfortune to come back to power in Ottawa at the very beginning of the Depression, which left an indelible mark on a whole generation of Canadian voters. CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

Basil Dean is vice-president and publisher of The Edmonton Journal



Very special way to remember
Canada's birthday
-take pictures!



CANADIAN KODAK CO. LIMITED Toronto 13, Ontario

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"I got sick of seeing little 500- and 1,000 pound bombs bounce off submarine pens like tennis balls"

highly interesting. Eatherly was easily the best poker player in the squadron. He'd look at you and make his call or his raise and he'd keep looking at you with his poker face and there was just no way to tell the difference in his look whether he had a fight or a busted flush.

"Eatherly," Levy went on "would bet on anything. He'd chew his cigar and bet on whether you could think of. Once in the mess at Utah some of the pilots were complaining about the B-29 as a lot of them often were. Hell Eatherly said that aircraft as long as they can take it up and bring it back with self-confidence is all right. So he made a bet on it — I can't remember what it was. And so the next day in a test run he took his B-29 over the salt flats. He dove it to the ground and at the last split second he pulled it out of the dive and structure of the airplane underside of the tailpipe with Utah salt sand and brought the damn thing back with salt on its tail."

Another time Eatherly made a bet that he'd be the first man in the squadron to drop a bomb on Tokyo. They were then flying one bomb runs on missions using conventional bombs in order to lull the Japanese up to the notion that a single B-29 couldn't really do much harm. The A-Bomb squadron was supposed to stay away from Tokyo and its ack-ack and fighter planes, but Eatherly bet a fifth of a bourbon he'd get there anyway by pretending his primary target was weathered in. He got to Tokyo 280 miles from where he was supposed to be, dropped his bomb and brought back photographs to show he had.

Yes, Colonel Tom Ferebee reflected in Savannah, Eatherly wasn't the kind of man you forget. He was good with his plane, good with his crew, good with his cards, good with his whisky, good. I hear with his women. I just can't understand why he suddenly discovered there was nothing good about what we did in war and end the war.

I'm sorry Eatherly's had so much trouble," General Tibbets, his old commander said. "They say he's gone crazy but if anybody's got a right to be crazy it's not him, it's me. All he did was fly a weather plane into Hiroshima and call back to me that he could see a big hole in the clouds and then advise me to come in and drop the bomb.

I'd been living for a year with the knowledge of what that bomb really had inside. I'd built this squadron that took it there and I took it there myself. But you know I've never lost one minute of sleep, not one minute. Before I ever heard of the atomic bomb I flew twenty-five missions over Europe and out of North Africa into the Mediterranean. I got sick of seeing little five-hundred and thousand pound bombs bounce off the submarine pens like tennis balls. If we had to have bangs I was in favor of bigger bangs. Little Boy was the biggest bang in history and if they told me to drop it again and the circumstances were the same I'd drop it."

Charlie Levy another of the men I met from Squadron 393 was aboard one of the two planes that rendezvoused Nagasaki. "There's no way to describe it," he said. "Suppose you're thinking of every color you ever heard of, it doesn't matter what the color was or how delicate or subtle it was, ochre or hot orange there the color was—boiling and churning and bubbling up at you from the ground.

"I wasn't scared." Charlie Levy said. "Nagasaki was a tougher trip than Hiroshima because the blast came up from between two hills higher and quicker. I was in the nose at first but when we were clear of the blast I thought I'd go back and get some coffee. I couldn't move. I couldn't move. I could move my arms but not my legs. Pass the coffee, please. I shouted to the copilot. I'd like it," he said, "but I just can't get up."

When we got back to the base and the medics started poking at us and analyzing us I told one of them about this lack of paralysis. He said it was nothing to worry about. It was just a normal reaction to a sudden and blinding shock.

While trying to organize next August's reunion in Chicago Levy has been sending form letters to the members of the squadron he's been able to find. They don't differ by a syllable from the letters other former military men have been getting since the war broke up.

"Ralph Curry, Marilyn and Jon—just moved from Chicago to a small town about thirty-five miles out—moved to a new town and new job—now manager of a jewelry store—best of luck in your new position."

And on a more general theme Levy's last bulletin said: "Need we say we'd like this to be a successful reunion? Think back, all our time in our lives, we spent more time looking at each other, living with each other and risking our lives for our families and country. We spent time studying on a job waiting for mail call or on a line for chow, some on the ground wishing for a plane to return, others in the air wishing they were on the ground. Don't you think you owe it to your War Time friends to meet and greet with them for at least a few days after 17 years?"

Another more general theme Levy's last bulletin said: "Need we say we'd like this to be a successful reunion? Think back, all our time in our lives, we spent more time looking at each other, living with each other and risking our lives for our families and country. We spent time studying on a job waiting for mail call or on a line for chow, some on the ground wishing for a plane to return, others in the air wishing they were on the ground. Don't you think you owe it to your War Time friends to meet and greet with them for at least a few days after 17 years?"

Charlie Levy is one of the few members of the first atomic bomb crews who decided to build a bomb shelter himself. "Looking at that stuff exploding and reaching up at you and wondering what was happening there below it's not an easy thing to get in the back of your mind," he says. "I know that in the street riots and same no shelter is a good gamble. But it's better than no gamble at all. You remember how in the last war they made us all get on gas masks test off gas masks and all of us wearing gas masks off and on all the time. There were at least ten million people carting those things around and if anybody had got really serious about gas all those masks couldn't possibly have saved more than a hundred thousand of them. But it would have saved some one to a thousand one in a million who can be sure? That's the chance I want to give my wife and children if they start dropping more of the bombs we had to drop."

Levy is building his shelter primarily to accommodate him and the four other members of his family. But there'll be space and blankets and food for at least a dozen. There won't be any locked doors or any pistols or rifles to scare off intruders. I hope there'll be room for me inside," Levy says. "If there isn't I guess I'll just have to stay out."

Always and inevitably the talk about the atomic bombers comes back to Claude Eatherly. I caught up with him in a hotel on the Gulf of Mexico in Galveston, Texas, named poetically the S.S. Snout. Eatherly is out a form of leave known as guided visits from the Veterans Administration Hospital at Waco. He lives with partly on his $264 a month veteran's cheque as a hundred percent mental case, partly. In collaboration with an Austrian philosopher, Gunther Anders, he has written a book summing up his meditations on Hiroshima and his own part in it. The book, called Burning Conscience, has already been published in a dozen languages. He's writing another autobiographical book in collaboration with a ghost. Still another book on him by the American writer William Bradford Huie will be published in the fall.

He's agreed to work on two movies, one documentary and one semi-fictional, and he's signed up for a long lecture tour. He has, he says with the grain you'd expect from any cigar-smoking bourbon-drinking Texan just bought a beauty parlor in Galveston, "I only keep the books," Eatherly says.

Many people think he's being exploited by pacifists, both professional and amateur. Gunther Anders the man from Vienna, had never seen Eatherly when he wrote President John Kennedy accusing the United States of keeping Eatherly in confinement because he's become a source of public embarrassment. Bertrand Russell has endorsed this point of view.

This charge not only can't be substantiated it can't make sense. A spokesman for the Veterans Administration said in effect: "If we really wanted to lock poor Eatherly up we all should be fired as jailers. We had him there nine times and every single time we had him there legally and every single time we had him out. We treat him the same way we treat other mental cases. When he first comes in he's under close confinement. Then if he seems calmer as he always has, he goes into limited confinement. Then he has the run of the place and can go outside if he wants to ask for a pass. Right now he's on a guided visit—has been since last November. It's nothing like as strict as parole in Galveston he's nearly two hundred miles away from the hospital all he has to do is let us know where he is and what he's doing."

I had a good long talk with Eatherly the first part in his hotel room in Galveston the second part in a pleasant little private club room down the Gulf of Mexico. All the time I talked to him I kept thinking of an even greater flyer of their war the Canadian fighter pilot Buzz Beurling. The last time I saw Beurling was two days before his death when he was on his way to fight again as a mercenary for the Israelis against the Arabs. It's only a piece of romance that gives flyers all have the same kind of eyes but it happens to be true that Beurling's eyes had the same incredibly pale clear blue as Eatherly's and there was no way to guess what was behind them. It was hard to avoid the suspicion that both these good young men having become great young men in the war they helped to win suddenly had to wonder where to go from there, and suddenly turned to strange and desperate paths.

At first although I'd come nearly 4,000 miles to find him I'd decided only to ask Eatherly a few simple questions to check the record. It's a matter of history, of course that Eatherly's weather plane the Straight Flush turned an opening in the clouds above Hiroshima and widened

PARADE

Main course

We've heard of a Toronto four year-old who insists on saying grace like this:

"God is great. God is good. Let us thank Him for our food. Chow mein. Different to reason with him too, because food and chow mein" have recently become synonymous for the kid. He even asks for it in hamburger joints.

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true anecdotes. Address Parade c/o Maclean's.

back to Tibbets bombing plane the Enola Gay. "Y2 Q2 B7 C1" — meaning in its simplest interpretation visibility good high and low recommend bomb primary target." Eatherly and his crew knew the bomb they were escorting was a particularly big and powerful one but they didn't know it was an atomic bomb. Not although nearly all the written records say he did. Did Eatherly fly the scouting plane to Nagasaki. "I flew an ordinary mission the day of Nagasaki with an ordinary bomb over a city whose name I can't remember." Eatherly said. "I flew eighty-eight missions altogether some of them fairly jeopardous easy. Hiroshima didn't mean anything special to me until a long time after. Then the real thought of it started coming in and I couldn't live with it or myself.

I still see a psychiatrist every day. It's done me a lot of good. I don't have bad dreams about the bomb any more, mainly I think because I've done what little I can to stop them dropping the next one. And you know I don't think that's all to it. As a next one I'm an optimist. So let the defeatism has worked maybe this awful thing we had to do will save the world yet."

It may be that Eatherly's personal tragedy is slowly getting sorted out. "I talked to my father and my brothers last fall in our home town in Van Alstyn. Just last night I talked on long distance to my former wife. It was about some legal papers she had to know about. She's remarried and I haven't seen the children since our divorce. There are two girls and a boy. Everything's fine with them all. I don't feel so bad about my criminal record. It didn't hurt anybody but me and it did get some attention for the ideas I've been trying to express.

The last of the atomic bombers I talked to was the only one who rode both the bombing planes—the one with the bomb called Little Boy in Hiroshima and the one with the bomb called Fat Man in Nagasaki. Jacob Beser who was a radar officer there is now a defense scientist in Dallas, more specifically in research on space. I reached him by telephone from New York but we weren't able to meet in person and he agreed to answer some of my questions in writing. "Any guilt feeling?" he wrote. "Absolutely and unequivocally none. The manner in which people die in a global war is only a subject for academic discussion — I think the problem to which we should now address ourselves is the elimination of war as an instrument of policy—however nothing unilateral now at the expense of national survival."

I asked him what his strangest memories were. "The one thing," he said, "which really lingers and which I think frightens most people is the bizarre nature of the nuclear weapon. It is difficult to conceive of a single implement of war picking such a lethal load. When one considers that we were a single aircraft with a single bomb and that when we left Hiroshima and Nagasaki their physical condition approached huge scenarios of Tokyo and Osaka etc. one can't be unmindful of the tremendous destructive capacity. It was as if the sand at the seashore had been stirred up and dispersed by a large incoming wave."

I'd asked Beser another question. "As for differences in reaction between Hiroshima and Nagasaki," he answered "—well after Hiroshima I hoped inwardly that the Japanese government would capitulate and spare their people more of the same for Japan was taking a fierce daily pounding even before we operated. At Nagasaki I became convinced that no nation at that time could survive in the face of this new punishment and that the declaration of the war could probably be reckoned in hours. I also could not help thinking of the irony of the situation — that Germany who deserved more of this kind of thing in my way of thinking—although reduced to rubble at tremendous cost—should have been spared this ordeal. I felt that any nation — especially a western nation—which stooped to genocide certainly merited this reward.

"In general" Jacob Beser summed up "I regard what happened at Hiroshima and Nagasaki as a job that I was selected to perform. I am proud of the trust placed in me by my country—and I think I did all that was asked of me to the best of my ability. As for today's problems—well I have dedicated my life to the defense of my country in the manner in which I feel most qualified. I'm not sure what part my war experience has played in shaping my life other than perhaps giving me a better first hand understanding of the threat to today's world. Up to now I have the feeling we have only been treating the symptoms of our problem and not the problem itself. Defense war making potential etc. are all look for our approach to the solution. What is really needed is understanding and dedication to the elimination of war itself.

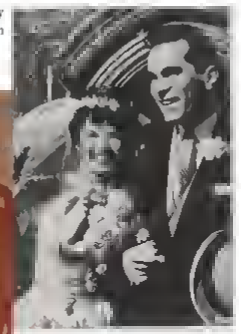
Then Jacob Beser the only man in the world who has seen two A-bombs drop from planes he was helping to fly added a last footnote. "We all seem to accept the proposition that wars are inevitable. This can no longer be tolerated. Wars are not inevitable — they don't just happen — men make them. If we seek the solution to our differences in this framework I think we may stand a chance. If we don't we have all of the tools to eliminate all of our problems—only forever—in a cataclysm of fire as yet unseen in the annals of human existence." ★

Something borrowed... something new

The year—1887. The day—one with the sun smiling down, the warmth of good wishes the joyful anticipation of a new life together. And this wedding was the beginning of new responsibilities too—a home to be built, a family to be raised, a future to be planned and protected.

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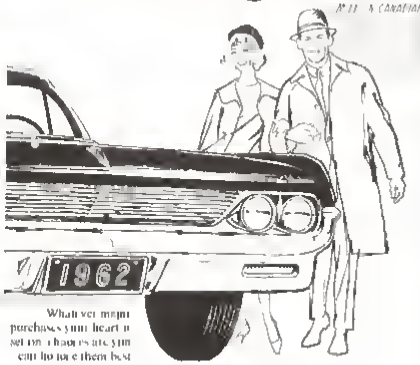
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"Budget or no budget, we did the 'musts': rode the monorail, the sky-ride and the spinning restaurant"

She told me to mail a days rent to the Coach House or they wouldn't hold my reservation. I did so.

We got to Seattle's approaches at twilight. Neutral signs were lighted at every midget passed. We could've had our pick. Highway 99 took us past the fairgrounds and its gay sounds and lighted buildings. I stopped at a gas station for directions. The Coach House was four miles away near the University of Washington. I swore gas and driving in Seattle.

"Reservation? Not here," said the desk clerk. Advance people? No. Since Aug. they had room — plenty of room — two bedroom, large living room, dining area, kitchen. It was a very comfortable apartment. I didn't ask if it were one of the apartments from which regular tenants had been evicted to make way for fair goers, a practice that had become a scandal a month earlier. Before turning in we shopped for breakfast groceries ($7.25), a dozen bottles of beer (and some pop ($3.61). That motel cost us $74.88 including $2.88 in state tax. One night in a motel is plenty for a two-day tour of the fair.

Perhaps you need a system to see a World's Fair in two days, though we've never stuck to one with any family. At the fairground we piled into the first thing that came along — a "fairliner," one of several trains of open coaches that meander through the crowds on sightseeing tours. There are also pedicabs, rickshaws and electric cars like surreys. We disembarked at the first open doorway — a huge tent, packed with Moroccan handicrafts, including camel saddles, something we've always coveted.

I've no precise recollection of what we did next, but never the two days we managed with remarkably few hiccups to juggle sections and skyrides, ferris wheel and mid-foreign shops and, most handily, a "flight to Mars" coffeeroom and Dunny phones, communications and Indian war dance food and people watching. We agreed to forgo domestic exhibits (we get them to Vancouver) and alas the ailing and the girls. But budget be damned: we did the "musts." Here they are:

▶ We rode the monorail the full 1½ miles to North Area (as though Germany has an experimental model and Tokyo has started to build a monorail transit system. Two four-car trains, straddling concrete tracks on a T-shaped concrete column, can travel the 1.2 miles from Seattle's centre to the fair in ninety-six seconds. However people complained about the speed so now they dawdle along for all of two minutes. All effort is eliminated by speed ramps — moving belts that mingle us in overhead terminals at either end of the monorail. Though slightly bumpy, it's an unhindered ride above the heavy traffic. It costs seventy-five cents round trip for adults and fifty for children, and the trains whisk back and forth all day.

▶ We rode the sky-ride in three-passenger gondolas cars that carried us on cables 1,410 feet across the fairgrounds. It's the fair's steepest collecting 90-cent fares from as many as 200,000 people daily.

▶ We took to the top of the Space Needle, a 600-foot steel spire topped with an observation deck and a revolving restaurant.

The Five Of The Needle: We saw the panorama of the fair, city, bay and mountains unfold through the 14½ plastic walls. Under the deck the 260-seat restaurant turns on a 120-horsepower motor and on each table picture cards turn to identify scenery as it passes, contrasting chair colors help the waitresses find the rotating customers. People like up to pay $2 for the cheapest luncheon sandwich, $6 for the cheapest main dinner dish, $1.25 for highballs and 50 cents to help me for a menu. The 3,500-ton tower is anchored in 6,000 tons of reinforced concrete buried thirty feet in the ground, but the day we arrived in Seattle a gale swayed it three inches and diners complained it made them sick. Officials closed the needle. In case the lift jammed, 832 steps to the stairway. The needle dominates the fair ground only too — an electronic carillon inside plays tunes audible ten miles away. It's there but keeps a $4,000,000 centime hopefully designed to train a profit long after the Fair is over, with charges of a dollar for adults and 75 cents for children just to get in.

We pressed on to "Gayway 21—A Space Oriented Spectacular Amusement Zone." Here we learned that the Space Wheel is a ferris wheel; the Flight to Mars is a spooks ride past scary images in the dark; the Space Whirl is a set of cars spinning to opposite directions. It's all atomic — bathing shuttle, pinwheels and then pigeon — and partly the creation of Patty Cynklis who did the same for Toronto's CNE. We used the Gayway to break up long walks and stops at exhibits. With rides both balloons costly, pop and pop corn. I got us out of it for $13.85.

We spent two hours in the Indian Village with Indian handicraft and Indian war dances (things we can match near home). But we enjoyed it, we stomped around a fire in the "owl dance" and had a long powwow with Bill and Josephine Hiwy, Rainer of Cardston, Alberta who were about to dodge home to send their children and see their children into university summer classes before donning beads and leathers again to finish the fair.

At Bell Telephone's own booth we missed its communications exhibit outside. Bell installed national junior phone booths where children can dial to taped talks with Dunny's cartoon characters. On other phones parents listen in. I thought we'd never get Valerie and Shelley away from there, or the three of them away from the U.S. seamen pavilion. The pavilion was misrecommended (twice) and contains buildings on six acres, but a restful combination of fountains and pools bridged by raised platforms leading to the buildings and four tall arches on slender columns. The impact of dazzling whiteness, lightness and newness — and simplicity. It is the fair's machines, a tad triumph. Inside we had to wait. Parties of three hundred or so are let in every half hour; some rent small plastic back machines with shoulder-straps, earphones and a two hour taped guide in the parlance. Dozens of U.S. films and government agencies and fourteen nations (including Canada), are showing exhibits here.

First in a vast darkened theatre we squirmed on a carpeted floor for twelve minutes while seven projectors lighted the walls with flight about science and the scientist. In the next building we followed sciences development from printers' aspects: lightning stars, satellites, spores, the measurement of atomic particles and the development of mathematics.

Next is something called a "spacearium" — an oval shaped theatre with an eighteen-ish minute screen suspended from the ceiling and a wide angle projector that spreads a film of the heavens over 8,000 square feet of the screen. We rocketed off on a simulated flight past the planets of our universe and the mist of the Milky Way to the billions of stars of the Andromeda galaxy. The effect is much the same as that of our National Film Board's prize-winning Universe.

Our children were enthralled. The mist had it was glad they didn't carry balloons on the day before a small boy had released a balloon and it had risen to the screen, an unchained planet with a huge tail. Fortunately the screen is punctured with hundreds of tiny holes. An attendant climbed the steel network about the screen, hooked her clutch with a hook and exploded the balloon.

Outside the children found the train leading down to the children's Exhibition. It's also populated with adults who, not numbering children at times, are blamed for breakages among the twenty-eight exhibits.

The kids used a gyroscope, microscope and telescope, watched demonstrations on scientific toys, growing crystals, blinding light reflecting sound, exploding hydrogen and oxygen gases (they saw an ant nobody at work and shock waves bounce from an electric fish and learn about their own heartbeats. Youthful attendants help children with experiments and show them how to operate many exhibits. Push buttons that activate anything, from phones to water falls are a hazard of the line (but not enough buttons, levers and turn wheels to satisfy any child).

We went back to science on Sunday and in the fifth building, last one, amidst among twenty-eight methods of science, exhibits — including 9,000 families in a demonstration of light pigeons, peeking at paint and pattern combinations, lost food, infant monkeys and shocks, dropping and I and mother, domain impending, in light. Under Science exhibits, perhaps simple experiments, but at last girls dissected a horseshoe crab to find its optic nerve which attached to an oscilloscope sent nerve impulses in whirls, signals onto the gadgets showing tube. Finding everybody again was a major operation, paring into forest of legs for those of Valerie, Shelley or Bobby. Shelley wanted to stay until a new born chick extricated itself, simmered, left fruit its shell. Altogether we spent a total twenty-three hours at the fair, limiting at science exhibits.

Final pictorial scenes in a pan of the ski pavilion of what scientists might have in store for us — that's the transition from the pavilion to the Washington state, of seum, the latter through "tuckium." The coliseum, like a huge big inside three and

PARADE

Modern music

When students at Mount Allison University at Sackville, N.B., say they're going down to the rock 'n' roll building, they're not referring to a campus



record shop. They're talking about the handsome new structure Mount A has built to house the departments of geology and home economics.

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Calvert Old Rye

a half acres of post free space eleven stories high in the middle Seattle will use it later as an 18 000-seat sports and convention centre. Seemingly hanging from the ceiling are 3,250 lion feet aluminum nobes arranged in clusters around a ramp And inside the exhibits is the fair's theme show — World of Century 21 — one of five worlds (the others are science, commerce and industry, art entertainment) the fair is built around. Color slides projected onto the cubes, sound effects, three dimensional models, dramatic narration and movie told us how we'll work and play in the year 2000 it we live

We noticed the labyrinthine blend of cubes in a plastic bubble lift with a space-suited operator It rises from "an amin dark ganco pool " we read in the official guidebook through soft lights of ever changing hue its music from another world — the World of Century 21 — surrounds the globe and its passengers "

We read on "Suddenly the beauty of the images is scarred by the threat on the threshold of the future — dramatized by the vision of a family desperately awaiting help in a fallout shelter But soon these figures are gone as the voice of a child of the future banishes their plight with words of compassion In a panorama that loses the past with the present the travels through time, sees a series of pictures — from the Acropolis and the fall of Christopher Columbus to the atomic cloud and Marilyn Monroe "

After twenty one minutes of this the show ends " in a symphony of music and color The visitor lies down the exit ramp and goes his way into the future which he will help shape."

The script for this forward-looking soap opera is by Doris Frankel and two others. Producer Radio Corporation of America sponsors Washington's Department of Commerce and Economic Development But my own favorite World's Fair writer is the author of the seventh program which beats the guidebook with prose like this "In a shimmer of golden light you enter the World of Century 21 It's a rainbow hued world of cubed facades "

Canada's exhibit holds its own in a good location in the International Plaza, beside a graceful Eyvind Dn Pen fountain People seem to like the Arctic Diorama an animated mock up of what an Arctic community in our far north might be like fifty years hence We've been through too many bitter Arctic winters to be moved by mock snow ice and cold But we liked examples of Canadian medical advances including a gadget that eases labor pains a huge copper map showing our industrial growth in lights and the exhibit's booklet which answers questions Americans often ask about Canada.

Thieves like Canadas exhibit as well The night before the fair opened they stole a mannequin exhibit and the following Friday helped themselves to a miniature train and night fixture from the $75 000 concert treatment machine. We're getting a little tired of it" a Canadian official said

Shelley liked the Japanese exhibit — and for a very simple reason "Please don't touch signs are everywhere so when Shelley touched for a bolt of Japanese silk Audrey said "Don't touch, Shelley."

Of course she can touch it" said the Japanese attendant "How else is she to know what the silk feels like unless she touches it" He placed it in Shelley's hand, she was immediately enamored with the whole exhibit — minoras, television sets, ship models, babies, motorcycles and all

Valerie's fingers finally got her into trouble when she went to touch oil mounds on a modern canvas a security guard popped up and simply rebuked her later I drew Valerie close to a painting to show her how oil paint is built up by brush strokes and the same guard demanded to know who stunk that blob on this painting"

I don't blame the guards for being touchy they're guarding a fortune in art When I told one Russian how thieves stole two masterpieces recently from one of the noses of guards in London's National Gallery he looked at me suspiciously and nervously fingered his gun

The fine arts exhibition is an adventure we wished we'd had much more time for Five galleries hold paintings sculptures and objets d'art on loan from galleries private owners or the artists in the U S and abroad.

Jackson Pollock, Mark Tobey, Paul Horiuchi Louise Nevelson and Jack Levine are some familiar names among eighty "modern American" paintings and thirty sculptures from abroad 1128 paintings and thirty four sculptures) there are Robert Jacobsen Henry Moore Joan Miro Jean Arp, Karel Appel and others Italian, Cezanne, Goya Picasso Renoir Rembrandt Gauguin and company must be seen before September when seventy two paintings in the Masterpiece Gallery will be replaced by contemporary art.

In the international gallery of modern art a wheezing clanking ranked drew us to a weird pile of junk tied welded, soldered and bolted together and sent into insane motion by an electric motor fuggered by a maladjusted fuse Loaned by Stockholm's Museum of Modern Art it was the Swiss Jean Tinguely's version of the absurdity of life Bobby eyed the rusted sawdogs iron headlamps carriage wheels, which drums iron bars and bits of tin and said, 'That's one way to clean out your basement "

There are more than seventy restaurants, cafes booths cafes or stands on the fair grounds A few cafes are merely chairs and tables grouped around food vending machines a few are fairly lavish serving beer and cocktails and costing a penny penny to use On Saturday we made for the Food Circus — A Great Big Big Eaters Delight!" flung inside the front door is a twelve and half ton iron pan thirty feet high it is roped off so we couldn't sample the icing There are other roped off arenas with tables and chairs though I imagined one starving safari twice around that hope crowded hall (do people go to fairs just to eat?) before I spotted an empty table perched on it and sinked it out with coats and hats while we queued for food We had "Danish frankfurters" (hot dogs) milk shakes for the children and coffee for Andrew and me for $2 90 On Sunday at a small French cafe we brought the lunch bill up to $6.50 for two days Later I learned that Babby who has a bottomless inner age put for a stomach had pinked away extra hot dogs and doughnuts on his allowance The girls subsisted on watermelon and sugar candy

For people who want to eat standing up the fair has 400 food machines (some atop the space needle) serviced by a kitchen that can turn out 50 000 hamburgers in four hours and 100 000 meals a day — and a $65 000 silver hand for dozens of dollar-changing machines The food machines are expected to take in $3 000 000 and one of their owners Norman Leary, a Vancouver caterer and restaurateur says he'll put them to work in Canada when the fair is over

Fair people and Seattle residents are sensitive about fair prices. Washington businessmen set up a "fair practices committee" and pledged in half page ads in Vancouver dailies to give "courteous, friendly service at normal prices." Major concessionaires agreed among themselves to accept Canadian dollars at par I discovered — *after* losing $11 changing $200 into U S currency in a Vancouver bank (I don't know how their agreement stands now but dollar takes an eight percent discount) However gouging rumors preceded our trip and we were often asked if we thought prices were too high at the fair

Generally they're not. It's worth a dollar to stand atop the space needle a dollar to see Indian or Japanese Village exhibits a dollar fine arts thirty five cents for most midway rides The so-called Boulevards of the World shops are too expensive we can buy some of their Chinese and Japanese goodies in Vancouver's Chinatown for half the price

Pack a lunch though, and you can see the fair for the price of admission Except for the art show accessible without entering the grounds, exhibits are free So are daily shows staged in the open by various states in turn. The most jaundiced eye would appreciate the myriad lights at night on half a dozen lovely fountains on the pavilions shut while colonnades and a stained glass mural in the Christian building, the glitter of hundreds of tiny holes in the pavilion's trees, and possibly the colossal hussy glare of the midway

With that thought in mind we tallied the cost of our weekend

Accommodation	$74 88
Four lunches	6.50
Platters breakfasts	24 50
Drive-in stops (both ways)	4 00
Parking	4 50
Tips (motel restaurants)	2 50
Fair admissions	14 00
Gasoline	13 85
Sundries	8 20
Space needle	4 25
Monorail	3 00
Skyride	2 50
Fairliner	1 25
Indian Village	3 50
Fine arts	2 00
Fine arts programs	2 00
Fair souvenir program	1 50
Official fair guide	1 00
	$173 93

Driving back to Vancouver through the rain we played between my passengers cunning a game of "things we remember about the World's Fair The thing I still remember from the list was a fresh faced boy who standing under a large picture of a sphinx asked the Egyptian attendant "How much would that cost" Ah America! ★

PARADE

Cleaned out

The nut washer in a Pickering Ontario garage assured customer with an old car that he would indeed do a good job on it to help the customer sell it "Don't polish it too hard though said



the owner — but too late. Oily head light grime oil in the hundred car washer's hands and a moment later he pushed his polish cloth right through the fender

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JASPER

By Simpkins



"Yes Mom, I'm getting the jam washed off my face

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Adams CUSTOM BLENDED CANADIAN RYE WHISKY

Continued from page 24

ARGUMENT

"Bennett led the Tories to the left — for good"

They were no more clever at grappling with it than Hoover and the Republicans had been across the line neither for that matter were Roosevelt and the Democrats, except that FDR's public relations were better In early 1935 Bennett with an election looming and the awful lesson of the Republicans fate in the Presidential elections of 1932 to guide him made his famous left turn largely as a result of the persuasive eloquence of his brother-in-law W D Herridge and led his party swiftly but fruitlessly across the Rubicon which divides left from right on the Canadian political map It has never in my opinion recrossed the river

Mackenzie King who as his diary makes clear nurtured an emotional hatred for the Tories and was afraid of the threat from Woodsworth's CCF came back to power after the 1935 election and was nicely settled into office when Hitler ordered the Rhineland and the threat of a Nazi war overshadowed everything else It cannot be said that he any more than Bennett Hoover or Roosevelt grappled successfully with the Depression which was finally driven away by the war but his obsession of the CCF's growth had convinced him that the Liberals too must veer to the left or disappear from office — perhaps into perpetual eclipse

King's bribe to Quebec

Out of this confusion of King's which even his preoccupation with the conduct of the war never blunted grew the Liberal welfare measures of the war and postwar years Perhaps King had strong convictions that these measures were in themselves a good thing it is equally likely that he was frightened by the impressive performance of the CCF in the 1943 Ontario provincial election when the CCF won 34 seats to the Tories 37 and the Liberals dropped from 82 seats to 14 Simultaneously the public opinion polls showed that as things stood the federal Liberals were headed for certain defeat

It was now King's turn to make a dramatic left turn Characteristically he made it with considerably more skill and incomparably more success than Bennett had experienced eight or nine years earlier He began systematically to legislate a whole series of welfare measures of which the most daring dramatic (and in my view foolish) was the baby bonus

He did not make his turn without opposition from within his cabinet but with his unique blend of stubbornness and procrastination he wore the opposition down and as the vote was drawing to a close the bonus allowance scheme was presented to parliament

The initial Tory reaction was an instinctive one — the reaction of a group which had forgotten that it was no longer a party of the right George Drew contemptuously described the baby bonus as a "bribe to Quebec" — an observation which however tactless politically had the merit in my view of being substantially accurate But the Tory censors in due course made Drew eat his words. When the bill came to a vote not a single Tory entered the division lobby against it It is said that one — just one — Tory MP (Dr Herbert Bruce then member for Parkdale Toronto and a former lieutenant governor of Ontario) insisted that he would vote against the measure on principle but he was persuaded to be absent from the House when the division was called

The Liberals were now firmly established on the left of centre leaving very little space for the CCF to occupy The Tories having declined to stand up and be counted on an issue as politically popular as family allowances were faced with the necessity of occupying precisely the same space as the Liberals They did not succeed in doing this for another twelve years — and then not because the voters liked their political line better but because I suspect the electorate felt the Liberals had grown arrogant and it was time for a change anyway For a few months after the 1958 election I do not count the thin margin-tenure of office which the Tories enjoyed from June 1957 to March 1958] I convinced myself that Canada had veered somewhat to the right But this was wishful thinking I had forgotten the lessons of history

If the Progressive Conservatives were genuinely a party of the right, they would have done a number of things which they have neglected to do They would for one thing have made a decent stab at balancing the budget instead of piling up the most staggering series of deficits in Canada's history They would have made a serious effort to cut down the weight of bureaucracy which the Canadian taxpayer has to support instead of subsidizing increasing it Even on the assumption [which as a right winger I am prepared to accept] that some steadily controlled expansion of the money supply is permissible to ease the economy through periods of recession like that which began in 1960 a genuinely right wing party would do this by reducing taxation especially at its more punitive levels instead of by increasing welfare payments and public works expenditures on enterprises of dubious economic value.

In short if the Liberals had stayed in office from 1957 onward it is unlikely that their policies would have been very much to the left of the policies the Tories have pursued It is even conceivable that the Liberals would have stayed somewhat further to the right

It is hard to guess what the CCF-NDP might have done if it had been in power but it is a safe bet that its policies would have differed from Tory policies only in minor degree A few more dollars on the old age pension perhaps or a few more percentage points on the corporate income tax and maybe a medical care plan a year or two earlier These are not significant differences in terms of political complexities.

I believe that our hope of salvation — [but is to say our hope of avoiding being swallowed up by the United States — lies in carving out our own place in the world by enterprise and hard work and in accepting as the price of Canadian sovereignty a standard of living substantially lower than that of the wealthiest nation in all history — even though that nation happens to be our next-door neighbor I believe that we must get back into the world's markets *on our own feet* asking no special favors, seeking no handouts, relying on our ability to produce things people want at prices they are prepared to pay We occupied such a position once It was based on hard wheat and it made us, per capita the biggest trading nation on earth We sacrificed that position because we were unwilling — or rather we elected governments which were unwilling — to accept the harsh facts of competitive trade And we are not even within reaching distance of getting it back

We have lived for years beyond our means, concealing a looming national insolvency by borrowing fantastic sums of money from abroad We have permitted our government to shake foreigners' confidence in our future so badly that our currency, once the strongest in the world, is now viewed with marked suspicion in the world's markets The largest private employers of labor (conspicuously our railways) have received precious little support from government in their efforts to hold costs in line indeed the effect of frequent government intervention in the

PARADE

A berry good cure

A housewife in Kingston Ont was carrying a punnet of strawberries down the back steps planning to take the children while she hulled them when she stepped on her four-year-old's big toe A friend well told her what she'd done so



she gave him a kiss and handed him the largest berry with a cheery "Here, — don't you think this will help?" He dried his tears and ignored as best he might When she looked up a moment later there he was gently dabbing his son's toe with the strawberry

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railways, almost continuous labor disputes has been quite the opposite and the consequences have seeped through virtually every industry in the land.

Perhaps worst of all, no government within my memory has taken any serious step to show the electorate that money simply does not grow on trees, that living standards are a result of productivity and of *absolutely nothing else*, that somebody, somewhere, must either work harder or accept a lower living standard to provide every dollar paid in family allowances, every dollar handed to the farmer for wheat that has been neither consumed nor sold, every dollar paid in wages to civil servants. And because the price of inflation resulting from budget deficits is exacted imperceptibly though relentlessly from the savings and pension contributions and life insurance policies of those who would rather look after themselves than seek handouts from governments, the politicians of this country who have chosen inflation as the easy way out never find it necessary to admit the price of their policies.

There is room on our political scene for a party and a leader to represent this frankly old-fashioned point of view. There is not only room, there is a crying need for a government which would act to alleviate genuine suffering and view the hard shape of the poor with compassion, which would ensure that the strong (whether in management or labor) did not oppress the weak (whether in management or labor) but which would sternly refuse to buy political popularity with handouts of public funds or bribe the voter with his own money. The philosophical home of a right winger is not, as I have said, to be found in any political party today. He is more likely to find himself at home in the Tory Democracy of Benjamin Disraeli who ruled Britain at the very pinnacle of her greatness. But Disraeli is dead and Britain, partly because of her politicians, is no longer as great as she was, and I do not expect to see a party of the political right in power in Canada in my lifetime. I am confident there are many, many Canadians who think as I do — but by and large we don't belong to trade unions or any of the other organizations which politicians feel they must listen to.

It is quite conceivable that there were in Rome in the days of the later emperors, when the wealth of the Empire was being squandered on bread and circuses for the mob, a few people who tried to warn the rulers of Rome that this profligacy could not go on forever.

They probably came to a sticky end, and the barbarians who sacked Rome in 455 had never heard of the welfare state. ★

THE SOVIET'S FLOATING CITY *continued from page 23*

They want a sixth of the world's fishing catch by 1965. To get it, they're building 14,000 ships

warehouses. Pilot ships lead the army to the fish and the points use the world's biggest collection of precise data about the habits of ocean fish to find their quarry. No fleets anywhere have more electronic gear for tracking down fish and the seven Soviet trawlers can stay on the banks hauling them in for three months at a stretch, winter or summer, before heading back to the Baltic.

The Russian fleet is also a kind of city at sea. The citizens are sailors, factory hands, fish handlers, manufacturers, maids, waitresses, doctors, shopkeepers and scientists. Some foreign fishermen (but no Newfies so far) have been invited aboard Russian fishing ships at sea to watch movies. John Stimbers, a New Englander on the trawler Wisconsin, visited a Soviet fishing supply ship last fall and said later he'd never seen on any American merchant ship furnishings to match the Russians. He couldn't get over the bulkhead to bulkhead carpets. (His hosts gave Stimbers perfume and cigarettes, but he wasn't so impressed by Russian luxury that he didn't report later that the Russians were using fine-mesh nets and crowding American ships off Georges Bank, south of Nova Scotia.)

The supply ships, or fleet mother ships, of the kind Stimbers visited may be any tonnage from 9,000 to 17,000 tons. Their job is to keep a dozen classes of fishing vessels pulling in as many fish as possible for as long as possible. They carry spare fuel, spare parts and spare crews. They're also a kind of floating headquarters for the entire fleet: each morning on the banks strategy conferences are held aboard mother ships to determine where the fish are, the right length for trawls, probable weather and priorities for repairs. These decisions are largely made by the scientists who sail with every Russian fleet.

But the real strength and pride of Russian commercial fishing is not the mother ship but the 3,500-ton stern-ramp factory trawler. In a good year one of these ships — called Pushkins since so many are named after poets and social critics — can haul in 5,500 tons of fish, or as many as most east coast Canadian fishermen bring aboard in a lifetime. There are probably thirty Pushkins off Newfoundland now. Their big nets are winched by motor down a stern chute into the sea. The nets are dragged by cables as thick as a man's thigh along the shallow ocean beds of the banks, then hours later winched back up with as much as ten tons of fish. The fish are immediately cleaned, filleted, frozen and frequently packaged on two working decks. On a third the offal and organs are made into fish oil, fish meal, even medicinal pills. And astern there isn't a fishhead left for the gulls.

Pushkins are almost as long as Canadian navy frigates. They carry sixty men and thirty women. Most of the women are fish handlers and packagers but half a dozen are maids and waitresses for the officers. The ships are equipped with sick bays, recreation rooms, radar, radio direction finders, radio weather recorders, a battery of electronic fish finders and always scientists.

The Russians are building Pushkins with extraordinary speed. Two years ago Dr. Olaf Traung, of the UN Food and Agricultural Organization, reported that Russia had ordered construction of seventy new Pushkin-type trawlers at a cost of $270,000,000. (The Soviet Union already had twenty in the water.) A. A. Ishkov, former Soviet minister of fisheries, said recently the Russians now have seventy Pushkins at sea and six more about to be launched. As if these weren't enough, East Germany and Poland are also building stern-ramp trawlers and their fishing fleets have begun to arrive on the banks off Canada.

Not surprisingly, the Russians claim they invented the idea of moving the trawling operation from the ship's side to the stern. Other countries use stern-ramp trawlers and more are being built in western Europe but, regardless of who invented them, the Russians have far more than any other country. (They also have the two biggest stern-ramp ships, 44,000-ton whaling factories each with a crew of 700, tanks holding 18,000 tons of blubber and a maximum daily intake of sixty-five whales.)

The birth of the Pushkin is only one reflection of the Soviet Union's sudden drive to increase drastically its fish catches all over the world. The first open statement of Russia's plans came in 1959 in the communist government's Seven Year Plan for economic development. It stated flatly that the Soviet Union would increase its total catch sixty percent by 1965. To do it, the USSR would build 14,000 new fishing ships. The target was 4,600,000 tons — almost a sixth of the total world catch. In 1958 the Russians had caught 2,900,000 tons of fish; in 1960 — the year the Soviet armada first arrived off Newfoundland — they caught 3,000,000, and last year, 3,700,000. On the way up they passed the United States, then the world's second-biggest fish catcher; now the only country harvesting more fish than Russia is Japan.

The Russians need the fish. Their decision to assault the North Atlantic banks must have come years before the Seven Year Plan was announced. The communist collective farms have never been able to deliver enough high-protein food to feed the country and since 1956 the Soviet and satellite populations have been rising sharply. Fish and marine animal protein is the base of Russian vitamin pills. Fish has always been a staple in the diet of Slavic races and the annual catch from the Caspian Sea has been dropping steadily for over forty years. Finally, hundreds of thousands of Russians are still moving to the new cities of the Soviet north; in Siberia anyone needs protein, and Murmansk — as far north as Aklavik — is now the world's biggest fishing port.

The sudden Soviet achievement in commercial fishing is doubly remarkable in the light of the Russians' embarrassing maritime history. In 1905 they suffered the worst defeats of the battleship era when the Japanese navy wiped out two entire fleets of antiquated Russian battleships. By the 1930s Russian fishermen were known outside the country chiefly for catching sturgeon whose eggs make good caviar. And as late as 1950 the bulk of Soviet merchant vessels were U. S.-built Liberty and Victory ships loaned to the USSR in 1944 and never returned.

But if the Russians have a mediocre seafaring history, neither are they hampered by the conventions of traditional fishing countries. (Prince Edward Island fishermen refused to use stern-ramp trawlers when three were built in 1952; the ships had to be converted to a conventional design.) In less than a decade the Russians' willingness to employ science to catch fish has made them the deadliest offshore fishermen afloat. Every Russian deep-sea fishing skipper makes daily reports on water temperatures, the ocean bottom and the patterns of fish migration. By now Soviet marine scientists have collected enough data to enable any skipper, in any weather, to tell how deep the fish are likely to be running.

Before they step aboard the smallest deep-sea fishing ship, Russian scientists, ships' officers and crewmen are trained to find and catch fish. The USSR now has 250 marine research institutes and schools for fishermen; one school alone, the Secondary Fisheries Technical Institute at Astrakhan, has 550 resident students and graduated 200 last fall. GOSMOLOV — The Soviet Deep-Sea State Fishing Monopoly — isn't just the biggest fishing company on earth; it's also the biggest operator of marine research vessels. It even has a research submarine that operates among the fishing fleets at sea. For the Russians, deep-sea commercial fishing is becoming an exact science.

The Russians have another advantage over Canadian fishermen — money. Dr. Wilfred Templeman of the Newfoundland Fisheries research station, a man who knows Russian fishermen as well as any Canadian, says they don't understand our determination to keep costs low and make fishing pay. "They don't care what it costs," Templeman says, "as long as they get lots of fish."

Russia's determination to get fish offshore is already reducing the inshore catch which is the livelihood of most Newfoundland fishermen who fish within 100 miles of the coast; they cut the schools that swim into the bays in summer and early fall. What makes the Russian effort more ominous than those of other countries is the Soviet plan to build hundreds of factory trawlers within the next five years. The Atlantic provinces can expect heavier Russian fishing on the banks every year.

The size of the Russian fleets has already caused some resentment in Newfoundland and there have been sporadic complaints that the Russians stray inside Canada's three-mile limit. But Newfoundlanders have had little to do with the Russians themselves. At sea there have been no incidents. Ashore St. John's police report there have been few cases of desertion from Russian ships — fewer than among the sailors of any other nationality — and that no Russians have been involved in any form of lawbreaking. Off Nova Scotia the closest thing to trouble came when Captain George Crouse of

Lunenburg saw the Russians ... [illegible] ... He says both cases were the result of a mutual misunderstanding of fishing techniques and that the Russians were friendly and sympathetic. [illegible] ... interested in much except fish.

In Newfoundland [illegible]

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[illegible]

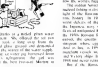
gunning, now at the Canadian ... Russian ... [illegible] ... Atlantic Provinces.

Not only the Canadian [illegible]

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orange drinks at a nickel, plain water at two cents. She offered the tot two pennies, took a long swig from the proffered glass, gasped and demanded to know the source of the water supply. From the ice water jug borrowed from mummy's refrigerator, the girl was peddling the best two-cent Martini in Canada.

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SMOKING TOBACCO

TRAFFIC TICKET GAME *continued from page 17*

Reporters, sports writers, hotel clerks, anybody with $2 could fix a ticket in Montreal. Not now

man stayed in jail, however. He explained that he had been picked up at 6 a.m. too early in Ichphora, the place where he worked. "Sir, I'll lose my job anyway, and I might as well serve time. Five days for $126 isn't bad pay."

Another man who made a habit of working out his parking fines in jail was Zoltan Szaboczhi of Toronto. Last year he was in the Don Jail five times, serving sentences of from three to five days.

Perhaps the man who played the parking ticket game with the greatest zest was Derek Blank, a fun-loving New Zealander who sometimes turned up for work as a CBC stagehand in Toronto wearing white tie and tails. Blank specialized in gambling with the parking summonses received by fellow workers at the CBC—and he even made a profit out of it.

This is how the Blank gambit worked. When a colleague had ignored a two dollar tag, and had received a four dollar summons, Blank would agree to accept responsibility for the summons in exchange for payment of the original two-dollar fine. With the two dollars in his pocket Blank would appear in court and plead not guilty. About half the time the policeman who issued the tag was not in court and the charge would be dismissed. If the officer happened to be present, Blank would say he was appearing for a colleague who had been tagged while delivering films or other material to the CBC. More often than not, Blank's plea was accepted and he left the court with a two dollar profit. His best customer was Wilfred Fielding, a TV producer. When Fielding resigned from the CBC recently the walls of his office were papered with yellow tags.

But the Blank technique is now obsolete. Toronto police discovered that too many motorists caught on to the fact that the officers who tagged cars had to give up their days off in appear in court if defendants allowed the tags to ripen into a summons. Nowadays traffic officers are assigned to court one day a month, and the summonses resulting from the tags they issue are doled around ugly.

People engaged in the arts and show business seem to have particular trouble with traffic tickets, perhaps because their minds are on higher things and they forget such mundane matters as obeying traffic laws and paying up when they get caught.

A Montreal strip teaser who had a habit of parking her red convertible wherever it was most convenient to her collected an impressive batch of tickets. When she was hailed into court she explained that she had given her husband the money to pay for the tickets. She was so indignant when she was assessed a large fine that she went home and ordered her husband to pack and get out.

Incidentally, motorists who have not driven in Montreal in recent years should take warning that that once free-and-easy city has changed. There was a time when traffic violations were policed in a most haphazard manner. At a long-time resident of Montreal put it: "Illegally parked cars were sometimes tagged, but most people could get them fixed. Any police reporter or sports writer and many hotel managers could do it. Many cars whose owners were known to the officer on the beat were never tagged at all. It was the same with breaches like going through a red light or failing to stop at a stop street—if you knew anybody at all you never got a summons. And lots of people got off by handing the cop who stopped them a dollar or ten along with their license."

The beginning of the end of that chaotic happy situation in Montreal came when Pacifique Plante became police head and started to crack down on petty bribery. In the list sent under Police Director J. A. Robert enforcement has really tightened up. A recent recruiting campaign for police constables has produced a batch of eager beaver traffic agents to earn the chief's commendation with their zeal in handing out tickets.

Nowadays even law-abiding Montrealers are complaining that the traffic enforcement situation has swung too far the other way. Relatives and friends visiting patients in hospitals are particularly bitter at the number of five-dollar parking tags they have been collecting. Nearly all Montreal hospitals have inadequate parking, and what there is is taken by doctors and staff.

"The cops know this and they swarm around the hospitals during visiting hours," one regular victim said disgustedly.

The traffic-ticket "fix" probably survived in Montreal longer than in most cities, but it's pretty well obsolete nowadays. The tension is not so much higher as the administrative morality at the vast growth of the traffic ticket industry which is now begin automated and gives little scope for the "human touch." This does not mean that police and magistrates will not listen to reasonable excuses. Deputy Chief Murray says his department receives many letters and telephone calls, and tickets are cancelled if the motorist's story sounds reasonable—a doctor speeding in a call, a husband rushing his pregnant wife to hospital, a motorist who just went into a store to get change for the parking meter and the officer tagged on a car.

Not long ago Patrick Duguay, a Toronto taxi driver was cruising along Bloor St. in Toronto when Constable Vincent Smith flagged him down and asked him to present a car in which a man was escaping from a supermarket holdup. After a breakneck chase in which the officer fired out of Duguay's car three times, the suspect was caught. Duguay was shaken by the experience and stopped for a cup of coffee. When he came out of the restaurant there was a tag on his car. Police at Markham Street station told him that in the circumstances they would consider withdrawing the charge.

But police insist that no class of motorist is exempt from traffic tickets. One of the most eminent traffic ticket collectors is Hon. Phillip Arthur Gaglardi, a minister of the gospel and minister of highways of B.C., who is periodically pinched for speeding on his own highways. In Toronto plain clothes officers of the RCMP complain that they are particularly vulnerable to traffic tickets. Because of the nature of their job their cars are unidentified and they frequently have to park in any available space. In Winnipeg Constable Andy Davidson, unofficial champion ticket issuer of the city police, once tagged his own car when his son parked it in Davidson's bent.

All in all Ontario motorists are the principal victims of Canada's great traffic ticket game. Perhaps that could be explained as "the worst offenders against traffic laws." At any rate Ontario drivers who own a little more than one third of all the motor vehicles in Canada have fifty-three percent of all Canada's traffic violations registered against them. Quebec motorists own twenty-nine percent of the cars—and get twenty-five percent of the convictions. That leaves the rest of Canada with forty percent of the cars and only twenty-two percent of the traffic convictions. The Dominion Bureau of Statistics which prepared these figures points out that urban traffic congestion is probably as much to blame for that situation as bad traffic habits.

Nevertheless local laws and the personality of drivers in different regions affect their liability to get—and deserve—traffic tickets. The difference between driving in Toronto or Winnipeg, and in Vancouver is noticeable. Recently a Toronto resident drove visiting Vancouver couple down Universities Avenue. Near the Royal Ontario Museum an elderly man made a move to step off the curb. The Toronto driver gave him a short blast of the horn and the pedestrian stepped back quickly. The Vancouver woman was shocked. At home, she said, you'd be arrested for that."

Robert Melville, a Maclean's correspondent who was a Winnipeg resident until he was transferred to Vancouver six months ago, comments: "It took me two



One fifth of a ton

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Alfred Pellan, in his Studio
Photographed by GABY of Montreal

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months to purge myself of Winnipeg driving habits. Compared to the courtesy of Vancouver drivers, we Winnipeg drivers are impatient, ill-mannered boors. First thing you learn here is to honour the pedestrian—it's a $25 fine if you don't give him the right of way at marked intersections. Drivers here not only give right of way to pedestrians and animals, but to one another. You see a car stopped up front and you don't think of passing him, especially on the inside. He's likely stopped for a pedestrian who may have just stepped off the curb."

But nothing is perfect in this world of multiplying traffic. If Vancouver's traffic bylaws make Vancouver's minimum the most alert in Canada, they also make Vancouver pedestrians the most relaxed. The pedestrians have grown so confident of their right of way that numerous children persons have been killed when they stepped serenely into the path of cars. Children get a false sense of security, too—and worse. Motorists complain that in some districts children deliberately dawdle while crossing streets and even throw mud at the drivers. Recently a research team of the University of British Columbia under Dr. John Red recommended repeal of the bylaw giving pedestrians the right of way on the grounds that it was producing a generation of accident prone pedestrians.

"Vancouver pedestrians wouldn't last five minutes in Montreal," says one Vancouver observer, "and Vancouver drivers would completely disrupt Montreal's leisurely traffic."

Vancouver's traffic law enforcement system is an unusual combination of toughness and gentleness. Jack Marshall, a Toronto photographer, discovered the tough part on a visit to Vancouver a few months ago. He was having a drink in a Georgia Street bar and checking his watch so that he could pop a dime in the meter outside before his time expired. But when he got there his car was gone.

"Buster's towed it away," a passerby told Marshall. "Buster's" is a teeth-gnashing word to Vancouver motorists. Buster's Auto Towing Service with seventeen radio-equipped tow trucks has since 1945 held a contract with Vancouver police for towing away cars parked in restricted or prohibited zones. Last year Buster's towed 9,609 cars off Vancouver streets.

Each tow-away costs the car owner a five-dollar fine, five dollars for Buster's services and a dollar for police garage storage, plus two dollars a day if the owner doesn't reclaim his car within three days. Vancouver drivers claim that Buster's men are overzealous. But they don't wait to be summoned by police but spot their tow trucks in strategic locations and monitor radio calls from police cruisers reporting parking infractions to headquarters. "We get beefy" cheerfully admits Charles Dickson, Buster's manager.

On the other hand Vancouver police last year started issuing "pinkies," tickets that give motorists a gentle warning of infraction rather than requiring them to pay a fine. In the first two months police issued 36,000 "pinkies" and 4,800 yellow tickets. "pinkies" saved Vancouver motorists $72,000 which was good for police public relations but bad for the traffic ticket industry.

The traffic ticket industry is strangely the only form of legal penalty that depends on the co-operation and good will of its victims for its success. If enough owners of illegally parked cars took advantage of all the legal loopholes and routine delays in the system instead of meekly paying up they could quickly throw the traffic ticket situation into a state of chaos and really confuse it. A number of Winnipeg motorists have worked out a plan which, while it doesn't save them paying their two dollar parking penalties eventually gives the courts and police a month and a half of extra work and costs about $15 for the two-dollar fine.

The system is too complicated to describe in detail but in a nutshell it consists of repeating loss of the original tag, then after a dozen steps involving demands, issuance of summonses and pleading being served personally with the final summons, turning up in court with a $10 ticket voucher which costs only two dollars. A man who has worked this system more than once asserts: "It's foolproof. There's not a thing the police can do to stop it."

Most drivers wouldn't want to go to such lengths to snuff a two-dollar tag, but there are a few simple measures even the meekest motorists can take. First try to see that all the facts are written correctly on the tag. A few weeks ago a Toronto man received a ticket dated April 12, 1968. He wanted the permitted five days and mailed in a cheque dated April 17, 1968. He hasn't heard any more about the matter.

Actually it may not require help from the victim to snuff the whole traffic ticket industry in a hopeless tangle. There are signs that this is beginning to happen. And the cause, appropriately enough, is the traffic that chokes Canadian cities. Recently North York, second largest municipality of Metropolitan Toronto, demanded a night traffic court of its own. Toronto's night court, designed to relieve pressure from its regular traffic courts, is located downtown. North York finds that it has become almost intolerable for defendants, police and magistrates to make their way to the court. Reason: Toronto's heavy traffic. ★

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THESE RATES GOOD ONLY IN CANADA

THE HARD-CORE JOBLESS *continued from page 18*

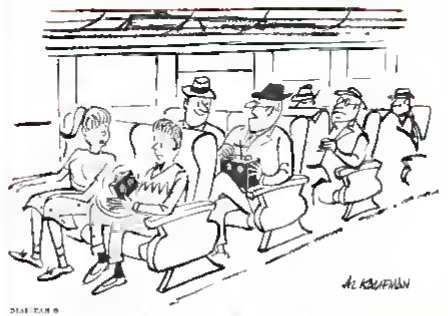
Ontario's record: 80% of the men who went back to school eventually went back to work

Kennedy in the primaries, practically enriching his nomination. He recognized when he reached the White House by persuading Congress to pass the Area Redevelopment Act which created the Area Redevelopment Administration and gave it white powers to aid distressed areas—West Virginia among them.

The ARA like Kennedy was impressed by the retraining classes—so much so that it decided to establish retraining classes of its own in West Virginia and other regions designated as "distressed." It set up its first retraining schools last November on a modest still experimental scale. Those who enrolled after passing aptitude tests could draw subsistence allowances if they weren't eligible for unemployment benefits.

By April a mere 480 had completed the ARA's sixteen-week courses but 2,000 others were studying in eighty nine schools in thirty nine communities in fifteen states. On May 9 Labor Secretary Arthur Goldberg announced that he had okayed 100 programs in thirty states, which would shoot the total of trainees—or retrainees—up to 8,500. And on May 14 the ARA administrator William Batt announced a further expansion and said 15,000 would be retrained in the immediate future.

Meanwhile the success of West Virginia's state financed retraining projects, plus the results obtained by ARA had been decisive enough to speed the passage by Congress of the Manpower Development and Training Act of 1962. This provides for an expenditure of $435,000,000 over the next three years. If it hits its target it will train 110,000 unemployed for new occupations the first year, 160,000 the second year and 300,000 the third year. MDTA courses will last up to twelve months and those taking them will get unemployment benefits or subsistence allowances. To some extent ARA and MDTA will be competitive but ARA is promoting the development of new industries in distressed areas by means of grants and loans and will concentrate on training men and women for these industries which include a plastic tape plant in Illinois a sporting goods factory in Missouri a fish packing plant in Florida a glove factory in Illinois a textile mill in Pennsylvania a boat company in Oklahoma a paper mill in Mississippi a pen



"Portable jamming device"

MACLEAN'S

mass enterprise in Maine a publishing firm (high school year books) in Maryland a prefabricated housing plant in Georgia a ski resort in Michigan, and a millwork plant in West Virginia. The fact that an abundant supply of labor is being trained for these industries at government expense is an inducement to them to locate where they are most needed.

If the U.S. is now thoroughly sold on occupational training for the unemployed, so is Canada where all ten provinces are participating in a federal-provincial scheme. The federal government pays fifty percent of the cost plus an additional twenty five percent to a province that meets a quota of student training days that is based on the province's adult population. Every province has passed its quota.

At March 31 this year 10,672 of Canada's jobless were in training, compared with 5,673 at March 31 1961. Between April 1 1961 and March 31 1962 training was given to 26,887 or more than twice the 11,744 in the previous year.

Reports presented to the National Technical and Vocational Training Advisory Council when it met in Ottawa in May showed that eighty percent of those who completed unemployment training in Ontario found immediate employment.

Welding stenography typing and electrical skills are being taught in all provinces. Auto mechanics carpentry and electrical subjects in eight provinces; diesel mechanics plumbing heating radio and TV repairing and machine tool operation in seven; auto body work bricklaying plastering architectural drafting, hairdressing, cooking and hairdressing in six; and practical nursing in five. At least two provinces teach sewing, electrical appliance repairing, heavy machine operating, stationary engineering, small-engine repairing and oil burner repairing.

According to officials, job placement rates for those who have taken the courses have been high and in many the training has been the opening chapter in a successful career.

In Toronto, which offers the unemployed instruction at the Adult Retraining Centre and at the Provincial Institute of Trades and has the largest concentration of trainees in Canada, a sixty-one year-old tailor's assistant was laid off. He entered the Adult Retraining Centre. He had a flair for figures, studied bookkeeping, did remarkably well and was promptly hired as superintendent of a group of apartment buildings, for which he looks after all repairs and accounts. He earns more than ever before.

An unmarried mother from the Maritimes, handicapped by an infant and with no qualifications to help her get employment, took a stenography course at the Adult Retraining Centre and was engaged as a secretary at a salary that enabled her to keep herself and her child comfortably and dress well. She has since had a $10-a-week raise.

A man in his fifties laid off by a Toronto aircraft plant and long unemployed took radio and television servicing at the Provincial Institute of Trades and set up his own business in an Ontario town. He wrote Gordon Wragg, principal of the PIT, two months later to say he would shortly be able to provide a job for another PIT graduate.

Roland Schlinke, thirty five, who came to Canada from Germany eleven years ago and settled at Toronto, was a shipping clerk until the company that employed him went in for automation and cut the number on its payroll from 900 to 600. He trudged the streets looking for work and being turned away, but when he completed a course as a radio and TV serviceman, the jobs came after him. He relished the irony. "The attitude of employers when you are a trained man is absolutely different from their attitude when you are untrained," he says.

To which Roy Lawson, registrar of the Provincial Institute of Trades, adds that the attitude of the trainee changes too—as does their appearance. The haircuts look, that a lot of them have when they enroll, after a little, and disappear. Short fat pants is replaced by a look of confidence.

Trainees in Canada not eligible for unemployment insurance benefits receive subsistence allowances, but in provinces on the U.S. The Canadian allowances are $3 a day for a single person living at home, $5 for a single person away from home, $6 for the head of a family living at home, and $8 for the head of a family away from home. A married woman whose husband earns less than $60 a week draws $3 a day if living at home and $5 if away, but there is no allowance for a married woman whose husband earns more than $60 a week.

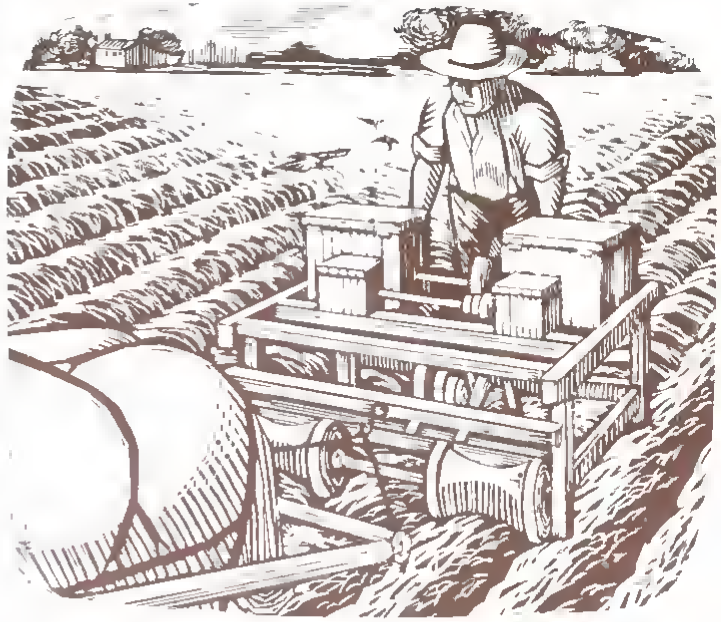
Meagre as the allowances are they've enabled an occasional individual among them a little to quit jobs they disliked and get by while learning a new trade.

It's far easier to enter a course in Canada than in the United States. The applicant in the U.S. has to undergo an aptitude test set by the Department of Labor which takes from two and a half to three and a half hours and is supposed to measure his educational level, mental ability and manual dexterity. We try to put them at ease," Mrs. Chloe Lester who administers the test at Williamson West Virginia told me. "We talk to them before hand and try to get them not to fear the test and to relax, but they are so anxious to pass—overly anxious I believe. We never talk harshly to them. We know that are already nervous."

In spite of Mrs. Lester's concern for them and her earnest efforts to help, [illegible] half the applicants flunk the aptitude test and are disqualified for retraining. In Williamson which has been so hard hit by the closing of some mines and the exodus of miners that in five years the population has dropped from 8,000 to 5,000 and where the remaining merchants dress the windows of vacant stores with their own merchandise so the main street won't look so depressing, failing the aptitude test

THE WILDEST GAME ON WHEELS **CHUCKWAGON RACING**

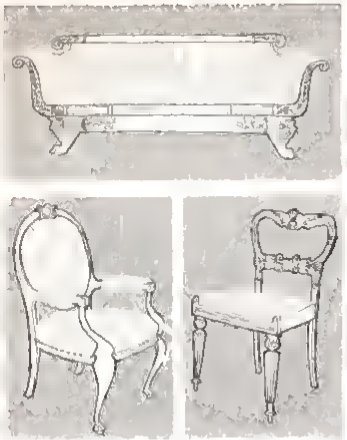
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CANADIAN Homes

is pretty close to a tragedy. It shuts the applicant off from what may be his last opportunity...his one hope of escaping from unemployment.

In Canada, on the other hand, the lack of an admission test has been criticized. The principal of the Adult Retraining Centre, R. F. Anthoson points out that he and his staff are handicapped by knowing nothing about the intelligence or past schooling of new trainees. It is hard the trainees fail or they tend to exaggerate the attention they have had and don't have the substantials their statements.

But because the program is for all the unemployed, not just the unemployed who can pass a test, educators from Vancouver to Halifax say the courses in the needy Men and women who want to study trades that require more basic education than they have had are given "basic training for skill development courses to raise them proficiency in the three Rs" first you don't have to be able to spell very well or excel in mathematics to mix batter or bathe a patient, the course in Toronto, although Toronto-trained fur workers is saturated. The graduates having practised on mice—mother and pregnant mares although by the bargain price of fifteen cents a haircut find jobs in northern Ontario and elsewhere in Canada.

Sign writing is also a popular course, and those who take it are snapped up by employers. For the middle aged and older, it is less likely to be hired for most jobs than those who are younger; there are courses like building maintenance, the academic lag for what a janitor does. Older men if they have enough basic education to follow electrical textbooks can learn to service electrical appliances—a skill that's practically a guarantee of work especially in small towns where trained repairmen are scarce.

"Never undermine a coal miner"

The courses vary from province to province. For example, Ontario restrictions under the Apprenticeship Act prevents the trained unemployed from being taught such trades as bricklaying, carpentry, electric wiring and installation, lathing, motor vehicle repair, body and fender work, painting and decorating, plastering—and plumbing, although these subjects are being taught in some of the other provinces and tradesmen in these categories are generally in short supply. The length of the courses varies too: you can become a pipe welder in Ontario in four weeks or a welder fitter in twenty weeks; learn to service refrigerators and air conditioners in sixteen weeks, learn to service oil burners in twelve weeks, learn architectural or engineering drafting in ten months. Learn barbering, in eight months. Take either a six month or ten month course in sign writing. Take a secretarial course in six months.

In Canada, on the average, courses are stretched over a longer period and are rather more grinding than the ARA courses in the U.S. which strive to cover a great deal of ground in a maximum of sixteen weeks. Whatever possible the Canadian courses are held by day while those of the ARA are given often at night.

The miners in the once prosperous but now fading coal town of Williamson, West Virginia, are in the Williamson Trade School and start at 7:30 in the afternoon, half an hour after the regular students have departed. They continue until 11:30 at night, with a break of twenty minutes for supper and the unemployed seldom pack it up before midnight. I met Bruce, who five years or thirty miles from Williamson and drive the round trip daily in battered pickup trucks and beat up jalopies. Bruce Howell, a rugged appointed uncles man who directs the Williamson Trade School from 8 a.m. to 3 p.m. and is co-ordinator of the training program from 3:30 until 11:30, showed me around proudly. In the machine shop he pointed to the men at the lathes. "In seven weeks they're making the same items as third-year apprentices. They have to have aptitude and intelligence to do that. Nobody should underrate a coal miner."

In the woodworking and cabinet making shop also after seven weeks, the men were making two magnificent coffee tables' gifts for President Kennedy and Commerce Secretary Hodges. These men at the end of their training would have jobs waiting for them in the new furniture plant put up near Williamson with ARA financial assistance. One of them, Harold Kiser, thirty seven, a broad-shouldered man with rusty hair and a thinly mustache who is married and the father of five, gets $31 a week. In unemployment benefits and spends $8 of it on gasoline because his home is thirty miles from the school. As a miner—until the mine closed down two years ago—he earned as much in a day with a spot of overtime as he presently weekly income. How with a wife and five kids was he managing on the $73 a week he now had left after buying gas? "We have our own cow, our own chickens and our own fruit," he said.

In the auto repair shops, unemployed miners were learning by doing, taking automobiles apart piece by piece and putting them together again. If any body wanted an auto hand they were willing and ready to practice. Would they find jobs when the mines were open? "God only knows," Carl Dobson, shop instructor, told me.

I met with Beno Howell. I stood in the dark schoolyard looking through the windows into a brightly lit classroom where women and girls, mostly miners' wives and daughters from the surrounding hills sat at typewriters. They were going at a great clip. Several were doing speeds with a minute. Howell said. "Sometimes they reach its minute to improve their rhythm and they get singing," he said. "It's worth seeing or hearing."

All the classes were worth seeing because these people were not just learning the ability to earn a living but recapturing the hope they had lost. Watching them I began to understand why the retraining of the unemployed is important: why it is spending so fast.

It is not of course the ultimate answer to the unemployment problem that gets from both the U.S. and Canada. The economists and statisticians I've talked with in Washington admit it's possible for a recovery to pick the brains of some of the best economists and statisticians and still not succeed in getting that unemployment won't be overcome in the two countries until their natural economic expansion accelerates to a point where it equals the growth in the labor force plus the constant rise in labor productivity that results from technological progress. The experts or most of them estimate that the economic expansion in the U.S. must be sufficient to mount between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 new jobs a year. If this is so then the economic expansion in Canada which has a tenth of the population of the U.S. will presumably have to be sufficient to create from 300,000 to 400,000 new jobs a year if unemployment is to go down, not up.

Yet the fact remains that there are jobs today that are empty because there are not skilled workers to fill them and that the unemployed by retraining can be turned into skilled workers. The fact also remains that a large proportion of the new jobs economic expansion created will require new skills. If those who are unemployed now don't learn these skills the adventures of retraining say, the new jobs will pass them by. ★

THE MICHELANGELOS *continued from page 14*

The clay fragments were a shadowy art-world story that no one really believed — until now

of the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto says he considers Goldscheider who has written five books on Michelangelo the most reliable of all Michelangelo experts. "I can't think of any opinion that would carry more weight," Hamish says.

Before Goldscheider brought the weight of his opinion to Montreal's Michelangelos they were all but unknown. For three years they were kept in a china cupboard in Paul LeBroos's Westmount home since last fall they have been stored uninsured in cleaning boxes in the basement of the Bank of Montreal. Until Goldscheider's announcement brought the newspaper reporters and TV cameramen crowding into the bank vault the LeBroos pieces had been discussed in public very little. They were last shown in public in 1938 and then only for a few months when they went on the block at Christie's the great London auction house, where a Canadian businessman bought some of them.

For several years the Michelangelo models have been one of those shadowy art world stories which everyone likes to talk about but no one really believes. The curators at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts for instance have maintained an aloof scepticism about the whole thing. They still haven't even been around to see the collection and they declined to make any comment on the matter even after Goldscheider's visit. Paul LeBroos says this is because no one can believe that such a treasure would turn up in Montreal.

By Michelangelo for $13

The LeBroos are forty-one year-old twin Paul is a lawyer who gives advice on death duties "estate analysis" he likes to say) and Peter is a book salesman for McGraw Hill Since they acquired the models four years ago Paul has taken an intense interest in Renaissance art. He now has a vast collection of books and documents many of which he has had translated for him from the German. He is set to see his first full size Michelangelo sculpture mainly because he's never been to Italy but he and his wife hope to go there when their children grow a little older.

The seventeen models were bequeathed to the LeBroos by a relative Percival James Woolf four years ago. Woolf was an engineer who collected art and sometimes sold it to museums and other collectors. He bought the seventeen terra cotta models in 1938 some of them at the auction at Christie's in February of that year and some of them apparently from other buyers at the same auction. They were described in the catalogue of the sale as being by either Michelangelo or his students but they sold at astonishingly low prices. Woolf paid two pounds twelve shillings and sixpence or a little more than $13 for one torso six inches long for the same sum in another lot he picked up two hands. For one pound one shilling he got two arms. The explanation is that 1938 a bad year for everything, was an especially bad year on the art market. The auction houses were flooded with paintings and sculptures brought from the Continent by refugees collectors, and there were few buyers for them. Even Michelangelo went begging.

The models dropped out of sight as all objects frequently will during the twenty years Woolf owned them. As Goldscheider says the loss of death duties and theft (collectors put those two problems in the same category) sometimes makes art owners secretive about their possessions. When the LeBroos acquired them an art scholar had seen the models in three academi Paul LeBroo showed them to Stanley Lewis a Montreal sculptor who had spent three years in Florence studying Michelangelo's techniques. Lewis decided immediately that at least some were genuine and he urged LeBroo to show them to experts. In 1959 Lewis and LeBroo took them to art scholars at Princeton and the Metropolitan Museum in New York but they found no one who would say that these were definitely the work of Michelangelo. After that LeBroo kept them in the dining room of his Westmount house and continued to study their background. He would occasionally point them out to friends mentioning that they were original Michelangelos. It made quite a conversation-stopper. But one evening but half a friend jokingly picked one up put it in his pocket and said "I think I'll take this with me." It then occurred to LeBroo for the first time that his Michelangelos were in danger of both theft and breakage. He immediately rented a safety deposit box and packed them away. Now he takes them home only for special occasions like parties. He doesn't particularly like hiding them in a vault but he can't afford to be sure them for what he thinks they are worth.

When LeBroo wrote to Ludwig Goldscheider last winter Goldscheider first wanted to know the pedigree of the objects he was asked to discuss it in and out to be long and impressively documented. The seventeen models the LeBroos own were part of a collection of thirty four put together late in the sixteenth century by Paul von Praun a distinguished German art collector who lived in Bologna and began collecting only ten years after Michelangelo's death. Every owner from that time to the present is recorded and in a number of scholarly studies. One of them as recent as 1913 several of the pieces are said to be from Michelangelo's hand. The collection remained with the von Praun family until 1803 passed through the hands of two other collectors and then was sold to Professor Hachard in Dresden sculptor who exhibited parts of it in Dresden in 1875 and at Florence in 1876 on the 400th anniversary of Michelangelo's birth. After Hachard's death the collection was eventually sold to a Dr. A. B. Heyer. In 1931 it was spread in the basement of the Dresden Museum and Goldscheider saw it there. Heyer broke up the collection by selling its pieces separately at Christie's in 1938. Seventeen went to Woolf lost to the Victorian and Albert Museum and one — not believed to be by Michelangelo — ended up in a private collection in Santa Barbara, Calif. The rest have vanished.

As do from the pedigree Goldscheider's authentication rests on the technique and quality of the models and on several delicate points at which they relate to some sculpture. Michelangelo is known to have carved. One piece a shoulder and part of an arm is apparently a preparation study for a large sculpture which no longer exists. Goldschneider identified it from a drawing which was made of the sculpture three centuries ago before the full scale piece was lost. Another piece a thigh and leg, is a study for the back view of a sculpture which still stands in the Medici Chapel. Goldscheider had the sculpture



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moved so that he could photograph it a few years ago. Before he took that photograph he couldn't have identified the model with certainty, because neither he nor any other art scholar had ever seen the back of the statue.

Now that they know what they have, the Lefrooys have to decide what to do with it. Paul Lefrooy hopes that more of their pieces will eventually be authenticated, and he intends to continue studying the background of the collection. At the moment he says he doesn't want to sell, and he talks about giving the models to museums eventually. He expects to have the five authenticated pieces exhibited, perhaps at the World's Fair in New York in 1964 the four hundredth anniversary of Michelangelo's death.

Peter Lefrooy on the other hand, has no serious objections to selling. He isn't anxious to get rid of the models but he thinks that a good offer should be considered. Unfortunately he doesn't know what a good offer would be. Nor does anyone else. No Michelangelo sculpture has gone on the market since the great art boom started in the 1950s so there's no basis for speculation. "The collection is priceless," Paul Lefrooy says. "Any figure is ridiculous. I could say $20 million or I could say five cents. I think it would be well over a million anyway." He sounds happy as he says it, and satisfied. ★

MAILBAG *continued from page 6*

What role the Chinese Benevolent Association's role?

We, the chairmen and officers, speaking for the Chinese Benevolent Association with national headquarters in Vancouver, read the article "How Crime rings dominate Canada's Chinese" (April 7) with pain and shock. It implies that the Chinese Benevolent Association is a "criminal society" and a "criminal oligarchy." This is false and slanderous. The Vancouver Chinese Benevolent Association serving mainly the largest Chinese community in Canada, is a charitable and benevolent society established in 1884, and later incorporated under the Societies Act. No officer has been charged with any immigration offence nor has the Association itself engaged in any conspiracy to break the immigration laws. According to the article the C.B.A. has its own civil service, foreign office spies, taxes and most important, their own jews." This is ridiculous nonsense. The article states that huge numbers of Chinese were illegally admitted to Canada in the last 12 years. The figures quoted are fantastic. It would be added to keep some sense of proportion that all Chinese immigrants in these years represent less than one percent of total immigration to Canada. In fact, each Chinese immigrant was carefully checked before being allowed to come to Canada under provisions of very harsh immigration laws. Some admissions may have been illegal, but that is doubtless true in the case of immigrants from other countries. The number of Chinese Canadians convicted of immigration offenses by the courts is inaccurate in the article. It falsely implies that many Chinese have been convicted as "agents of the ring." It is true that for the last three years there has been an enormous RCMP investigation into illegal Chinese immigration into Canada and that the RCMP has been assisted by 12 special constables of the Hong Kong police. In addition the government has promised amnesty to any immigrant who will come forward and give evidence as to illegal entry. The article says that a "Mafia like" organization called "Triad" exists in the Chinese communities in Canada in the guise of Chinese Freemasons. This so-called "Crime Incorporated" is said to threaten anyone who offers information to the government about illegal immigration. We deeply resent the attack on Chinese communities generally which is contained in the article. It reads like a piece of fictional melodrama. Chinatown is referred to as a "ghetto." It is further hinted as "not merely a tourist trap." Another slander says "many Chinese born in Canada speak only a few words of English." In fact few young Chinese-Canadians master the language of their forefathers. The author's reference to the Mandarin language shows him to be very ill informed. The mother language of overseas Chinese is Cantonese. Mandarin the language of north China, is rarely heard in Canada.—I. AM TONG, CHAIRMAN, NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS, CHINESE BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION, VANCOUVER

The article on the Chinese conspiracy was written in the same spirit in which a journalist approaches any voluntary situation in the hope that publishing the facts would help correct it. There is no doubt that the C.B.A. is a charitable society. The only question is whether that is its sole function. The article documents how certain C.B.A. leaders obstructed the police, issued false propaganda to the public, misinformed and brainwashed their own race and tried with political pressure to stop the investigation. If the C.B.A. as a whole was not involved in its shifty, in one way they protected those in smuggling. Abraham in new Iberia folk society club would be unthinkable. It is true that the great ten per cent of C.B.A. leaders were not charged and may not be involved. It is also true that charges against others were dropped because of political influence. There is evidence against still others, but I think the article makes clear by the cases of intimidation it describes why there are and some event views, many witnesses who might testify are afraid to.

The article did read like melodrama. Unfortunately the facts were enthusiastic. I did not say that today's young Chinese do not learn English, as their elders often did but that they are the hope of their race. I did not say that they learned Mandarin, which would be silly, be making a point on racial pride. I said they were taught it. Mandarin, the language of Chinese scholars, had many characters than are other language. The statement made in the article that the C.B.A. have a governing body and various departments, to deal with foreign affairs. Cancelled governments in recent Dec. of the saddest facts in this situation is the subverting of the legal and political system. C.B.A. leaders have used political pressure to misuse the machinery of government and our courts. It is not a practice confined to the Chinese, but neither is it that of a respectable society to practice as it says almost all its laws. Like the facts all figures were checked by federal authorities. If they are it is not the fault of mine. They prove that few Chinese in Canada, let alone their leaders, could have been active in the racket. It may be that the C.B.A., which has done some benevolent work recently is now controlled by a lawabiding element. But this letter which does not guarantee every fact of the government's case is not a very hopeful demonstration. — ALAN PHILLIPS ★

MACLEAN'S

HOW CARL GOLDENBERG BREAKS STRIKES continued from page 17

The hotel strike embarrassed and stumped politicians for a year. Goldenberg settled it in days

● He has a talent for discerning through the mask of confusing issues and arguments, which are the truly important and which are the minor points of difference. He then focusses on the important ones which are usually fewer than either side has realized.

● He is a patient listener with a good memory for detail and a firm grip on his temper but he is capable of being sharp with either side found sometimes with both once he's made up his mind.

On one occasion, one of the railway unions threatened a strike against the Canadian National's Newfoundland steamship service on the day before Queen Elizabeth was to arrive in Canada for a royal visit. Labor Minister Michael Starr appointed Goldenberg, as federal mediator, after the union had refused to accept the recommendations of a conciliation board. He got the parties together, reopened negotiations, kept the talks going until thirty-six hours before the strike was due to begin. They were still deadlocked and Goldenberg was about ready to quit.

"I'm not going to report failure to the government, gentlemen," he told them. "Instead I'm going to report my own formula for settlement. If you should decide that you are willing to accept it come and see me at my house tomorrow morning."

The next day, Sunday, brought union and management spokesmen around to Goldenberg's house. They signed on the terms he had suggested and the strike never took place.

At the moment Goldenberg is embroiled in a dispute between the Ontario Hydro Electric Power Commission and its employees, thereby delaying if not yet averting a strike that has been explicitly forbidden by special act of the Ontario legislature. He got his new assignment within days of completing his report on a one-man royal commission on labor-management relations in the construction industry in Ontario, an enquiry prompted by charges that union policies employers were exploiting the ignorance of immigrant workers.

But the strike that most recently put Goldenberg into the news and revived his reputation as a miracle man of labor-management relations was the walkout of the Hotel and Club Employees Union at the Royal York Hotel in Toronto, "the largest, finest hotel in the British Commonwealth and the pride of its owner, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company."

By last April the Royal York strike had been going on for just three weeks short of one year. Of the twelve hundred hotel workers who originally went on strike about five hundred were still without jobs, supporting them for eleven months plus other strike expenses had cost the union about eight hundred thousand dollars. The CPR by its own account had lost about half a million in diminished business during the strike.

For several months it had been obvious that the union was beaten. To call the strike off itself had been a major error of judgment in a time of high unemployment and in a trade that requires no difficult skills the union had demanded an increase of fifteen cents an hour. The company offered two and a half cents and never went beyond it, but the real issue had little to do with wages. The real issue was job security — the company wanted the right to lay off staff with only four hours' notice instead of the seven days previously required. In the end the company gave a little ground on this point and agreed to give a week's notice of layoff to workers with eight years' seniority.

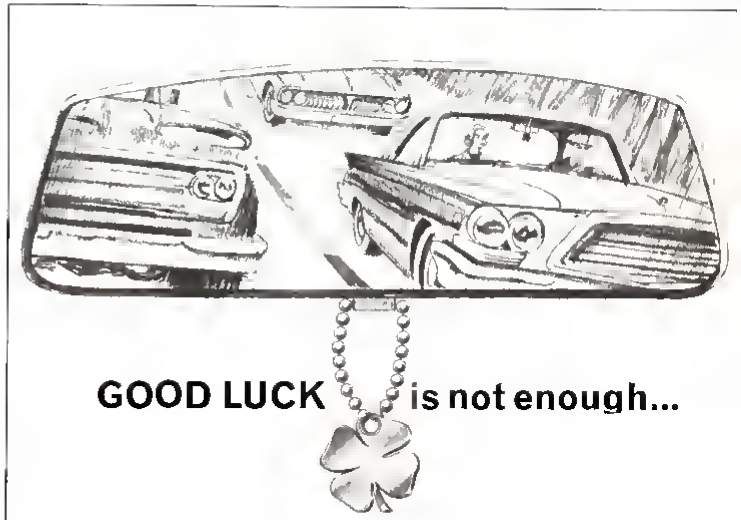
At the time Goldenberg entered the picture though it looked even if no settlement at all was in prospect. The hotels' union was stubbornly maintaining its picket lines and thereby keeping a lot of sensitive

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WRITE TO

Circulation Manager

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guests out of the hotel but the CPR was holding out for what amounted to an unconditional surrender. The union wanted at least the face-saving minimum of recognition for all workers who had gone on strike and who still wanted their jobs back. The company had a black list of three dozen workers whom it finally insisted to re-employ on any terms even. More than a dozen minutes of mediation had failed. A three-man provincial conciliation board was able to do no more than suggest that the hotel and the union make another try at it still no then dates. Ontario Labor Minister William Warrender then intervened personally only to be it himself described by Archie Johnston the union vice president as "a dismal fool."

The strike was embarrassing out of all proportion to its size, not only to Warrender but to the whole Ontario cabinet. Leslie Frost, former premier normally lived at the Royal York when he was in Toronto. Dozens of civil and semi-official functions are held there. The picket line put Toronto and provincial politicians in an intolerable dilemma. They didn't want to take sides in the strike but no matter what they did they couldn't help it — to cross the picket line made them unfriendly to boycott the hotel made them unfriendly to both. Premier Frost and other members of the government and another side let them actions go unnoticed. Frost compromised by moving out of his Royal York suite but continuing to pay for it. Other politicians made their own individual compromises according to circumstance meanwhile avoiding the Royal York as much as possible but this private view increasingly became a plague on both your houses.

This was the state of affairs last April when for the second time the Ontario government asked Carl Goldenberg to see if he could get a settlement.

In the same inquest six months before Goldenberg had said no. At that time company and union were still implacably embroiled in a dozen different routes neither showed any sign of giving ground and Goldenberg thought an attempt to mediate would be a waste of time. In April it was different. The union was beaten and knew it and would settle for the barest of face-saving terms. The company though ruinously hurt on total victory was beginning to realize what damage the strike had done to its corporate image. Goldenberg said he'd try what he could do and he worked with both parties for about a week. The union shop shed him some what because they very first day showed the two to be so bumbly opposed that he gave up hope after twelve hours of continuous negotiation and took the train back to Montreal. Frankly he doesn't sleep very well on trains — leaving about in his berth he got the issues sorted out in his mind and boiled them down to two or three essential points. When he got home next morning he telephoned to company and union to say. Before I report further I'd ask you to consider these points as I have summarized them. This prompted they agreed to reopen negotiations the following day to five more days the strike was settled. Of the three dozen men and women it had refused to re-employ the company took back all but five the union on its side took in stiff stock of the fact that two of the five were retiring anyway one didn't care and the other two were being dismissed for cause which had nothing to do with the strike. The remaining points of difference caused no serious problem.

Why did Goldenberg manage to get them together when so many others had failed? One part of the answer may be just experience. He's had a lot of practice.

It was more or less by accident that he got into labor relations in the first place. He had graduated in Arts from McGill in 1928 with a gold medal and a fellowship in economics so when he finished his law course in 1932 (with another gold medal) he was also qualified to be a lecturer in economics under his old professor Stephen Leacock. The McGill job paid twelve hundred dollars a year which was double what Goldenberg earned in his first twelve months as a fledgling lawyer so he took it. Four years later seeking some cheap legal advice for the Canadian federation of municipalities, Montreal Mayor Camillien Houde asked a friend if McGill if he an old recommend someone to prepare a brief to the federal government for unemployment assistance. Goldenberg was the youngest lawyer on the staff and by his own recollection the most hard up also he knew something about *both* economics and constitutional law. He got the assignment prepared a brief that did help the effort to get more money from Ottawa and as a reward was appointed as the federation's consultant. The post carried no salary but it turned out to be a useful link in Goldenberg's career — made him effect a kind of supreme court for Quebec clothing manufacturers and workers. The industry which used to be constantly torn by bitter and violent strikes has handled along peacefully for years with fewer and fewer cases even requiring arbitration.

But meanwhile a single twenty four hour capital of mediation had put Goldenberg on the union's front pages and ahead the legend of Goldenberg the Milieu Man. That was the Montreal Tramways Company strike of April 1943.

Viewed from this distance in time the Montreal Tramways strike looks trivial enough. The union was recognition of the union that truly represented the men who ran the buses was the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway Employees. The company had tried to head off the CBRE's organizing drive under a proposed contract with the still perpetuating employees of a union company union the men naturally limited at this subterfuge. It certainly walked off their jobs. In peacetime the whole thing would have affected no more than Montreal. But this was 1943. Essential war industries would be crippled if Montreal trams stopped taking the workers to the plants the runways along with other munitions war services had been brought under the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act and thereby prohibited from striking without the elaborate preliminaries that must precede a rail strike. Moreover the whole situation between labor and management was tense all over Canada as government tried to keep prices and wages under control while also keeping all the wheels turning. Many people feared that toleration of anything strike even of the slightest were inadmissible might lead to chaos and paralysis of war industries in the disruption of the price wage control system.

Goldenberg, who then engaged in a war job in Ottawa director of economics in the department of munitions and supply C. D. Howe, his boss suggested to Labor Minister Humphrey Mitchell that Goldenberg might be a good man to settle the tramways strike. The tram operators stopped work on a Sunday. Goldenberg arrived in Montreal on Monday and on Tuesday morning before daylight the men were back on the job. The union wasn't a compromise settlement but a clear victory for the union — Goldenberg perceived at once that whatever the last point of the law might say the company had no case and the union was in the right. He so reported to Ottawa suggesting that if the three could negotiations from the tramways company's large union were replaced by three men from the CBRE. The strike would end. They were and it did. Labor Labor Minister Mitchell ordered a vote of the tramway workers the CBRE got more than ninety percent of the votes and has been the union workers bargaining agent ever since. The lions of what might follow the success of an illegal strike. Instead out to be groundless.

Perhaps because it won the confidence of labor without losing the confidence of management at of government the Montreal tramways settlement made Goldenberg a nationally recognized authority on strikes and their settlement. Since then he has worked on many disputes mostly in the clothing industry but also on some notable struggles elsewhere. In 1956 he settled a shipping strike that threatened to tie up the Great Lakes. In 1957 he chaired a provincial royal commission in British Columbia that ended a sixteen week deadlock between shipowners and longshoremen and the construction industry. When he was named arbitrator of the Ontario hydro nationalization dispute, a union leader said: "We don't want arbitration but if we have to have it I'm glad it's Goldenberg."

PARADE

In cold blood

A man mistaken in cattle any conservationist pointed at a service station at



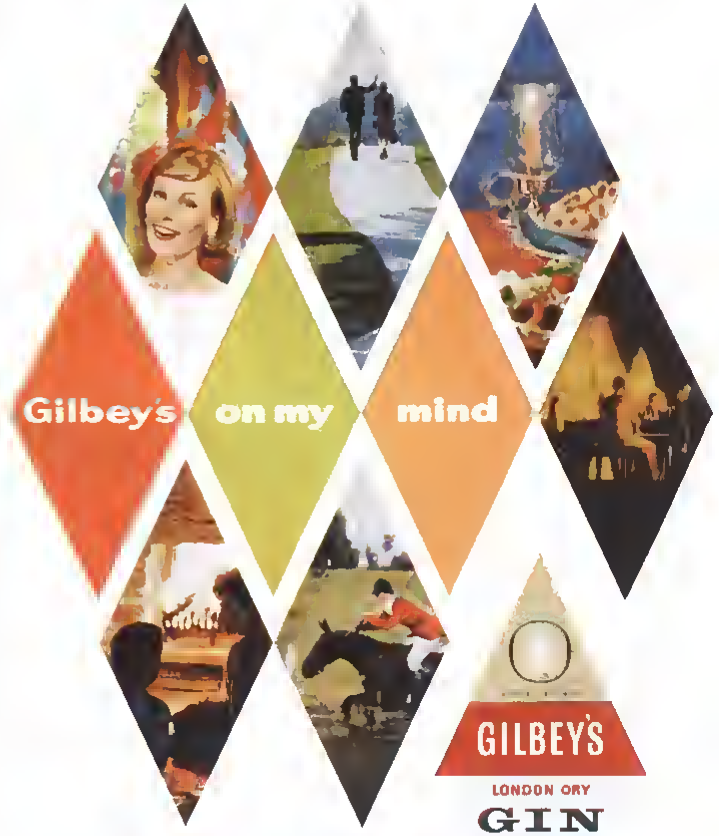
the holiday country near Fenelon Falls Ont. DEW WITHIN TACKLE RANGE

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This approval is by no means unanimous especially in the ranks of labor. Dennis McDermott of the United Auto Workers put the case against intervention of the Goldenberg type. "We don't feel that outside mediators or arbitrators are the answer to labor strife. I don't see what they have to contribute. It's part of a trend to compulsory arbitration and I'm damned if I'll submit willingly to compulsory arbitration to the present industrial climate. What people don't realize is that the heart of collective bargaining is the small local issue. Arbitrators don't want to be bothered with this they want to settle the big points and get out."

One of the things that makes Goldenberg such a good arbitrator is that he'd be inclined to agree with this criticism. He too is aware of the "small local issue" and the importance and he is a constant preacher of more contact between labor and management.

"They shouldn't meet only for contract negotiation or to wrangle over disputes" he says. "They should meet when the atmosphere is not highly charged when there are no particular difficulties to discuss. They should get together about mutual problems in which there's no controversy. Labor could learn some of the difficulties of keeping a business going, and management could get an idea what it's like to live on a small pay packet. Any way they'd know each other better get to understand much of his thinking. And this might remove one of the worst obstacles to agreement between management and labor — that element of nasty surprise that so often nonplus up on one side or the other and sometimes on both when they start to renegotiate a contract. ★



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MACLEAN'S

Why health detectives are watching cheddar cheese

Health authorities in Ottawa are quietly building up a file of reports on cheddar cheese. If the evidence they compile becomes conclusive there is a chance that the food and drug administration might issue orders which would eliminate nearly half its production.

Cheddar is made from raw milk. Within the past two years seven outbreaks of food poisoning have been traced back to cheese made from raw milk that was not properly cooked. So far there have been no cases in Canada but they have occurred in Britain and the U.S., where one case involved 200 victims. The illness strikes quickly within two to six hours of eating the contaminated cheese. It is marked by nausea, vomiting and diarrhea. It is rarely fatal. Says one public health worker: "but the patient is so miserably sick that he sometimes wishes he were dead."

According to Dr. C. K. Johns, director of the agriculture department's dairy technology research institute at Ottawa, the poison is produced by a microbe called *staphylococcus aureus* which is also the common cause of boils. The microbes occur in milk right from the udder, and in warm milk they multiply rapidly and form a toxin so resistant to heat that it cannot be neutralized by boiling.

If the milk is kept cool until it reaches the cheese factory vats the staphylococci do not multiply and the cheese is safe. Last month the agriculture department dismissed a warning to all dairy farmers. The farmers were told they should keep their evening milk, which is held on the farm overnight in a temperature below 60 degrees Fahrenheit. The problem does not arise with morning milk which is usually delivered in the cheese factory before the micro-organisms have a chance to multiply.

Pasteurization of the milk used for cheddar would kill the staph germs, says Dr. Johns—but it would also kill the lingy, full bodied flavor that distinguishes cheddar cheese. What worries the agriculture department is that if a case of food poisoning in Canada were traced to cheese public health authorities might insist on pasteurizing all milk used in cheese manufacture. Federal officials would not do this demanly because pasteurization is a process of heating milk to 145 degrees for 30 minutes, which changes the flavor.

Dr. Johns emphasizes that farmers can meet the pressure for pasteurization by shading their milk, and that it is worth the effort. Canada is the world's only exporter of cheddar. Last year the cheese factories, mainly in Ontario and Quebec, produced 118 million pounds and exported 70 million pounds, most of it to British buyers who pay a premium of 12 to 14 cents a pound for the Canadian product.

Normal matter but the grading of cheese and the safety of the final product is a responsibility of the federal health department's food and drug division.

The health department is well aware of the possibilities. Its microbiology division under Dr. F. S. Thatcher has been studying the occurrence of staphylococci in milk for ten years and reporting its findings in the Canadian Journal of Public Health. One such report said in 1960: "Two public health hazards are envisaged: staphylococcus food poisoning of which severe outbreaks have occurred recently and the dissemination into the community of large populations of virulent strains of staphylococcus."

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The backwoods peace corps of Bishop O'Grady

In the apostolic vicariate of Prince Rupert 136,000 square miles of trees and mountains in the central interior of British Columbia there are 10,000 white and 5,000 Indian Roman Catholics and 50 Oblate Frontier Apostles. The OFAs are the personal recruits of Bishop Fergus O'Grady, a husky 53-year-old Oblate priest who has for the past three years been uplifting his episcopacy with his own peace corps.

Prince Rupert is one of the largest missionary fields in Canada. It is also the first missionary post for Bishop O'Grady, a former principal of the largest Indian school in Canada at Kelowna, B.C., and former head of the English-speaking Oblate Fathers in Canada. When he arrived in Prince Rupert three years ago he found the area woefully short of schools and churches. "There was a lot of civilizing to be done," he says. "Since we had neither men nor money I decided to call for volunteers."

The first volunteers came from universities in Canada and the U.S. At first they slept in rough log cabins and in a communal cookhouse and worshipped in a tepee-shaped chapel. Today the boys live in comfortable bunkhouses and the girls board with neighboring families. They call their headquarters at Prince George Domano, after the first syllables of the first words of the ancient Latin prayer *Dominus manneat nobiscum*. The boys at Domano make window frames and doors in carpentry shops, cement blocks in a stone quarry, windows in a glass factory that Bishop O'Grady started when he learned the cost of bringing in windows. They have constructed three churches in remote corners of the district and seven integrated schools for white and Indian children. The schools vary in size from four to ten rooms but all have similar curriculums. The Domano girls help with some of the lighter construction jobs and teach in the schools. For doing all this the OFAs receive $25 a month.

There have been 150 workers in the local version of the peace corps at Domano since the project started. They range in age from 18 to 27 and most stay for one year. Besides laughing and working on conservation projects they



attend religious services — voluntarily seven about a fifth of them are not Catholics—and attend their own parties and dances. They even have their own bowling team to compete in local leagues.

Bishop O'Grady's next project is an integrated junior college to educate white and Indian children through to the second year of university. He thinks that Domano will continue indefinitely with volunteer helpers and he travels 50,000 miles annually talking to new recruits. Last year he talked 14 Sisters of Mercy into moving from county Kilkenny, Ireland, to Prince Rupert. One of Bishop O'Grady's strongest selling points to laymen is romance. "I promised several girls back east they'd find husbands in Domano," he says, "and I haven't disappointed one of them."

Will success spoil Mary Morrison's campaign?

Mrs. Mary Morrison wants a revival in the March 24 Maclean's a Background story reported her revolt against present day education methods and described the homemade math course she designed for drilling children in the fundamentals of English and mathematics. The response to the article has almost overwhelmed her.

Since March Mrs. Morrison has received 300 letters, many of them from teachers, some offering her money and all agreeing with her criticism of modern education. One woman wrote: "Quebec has the sorry idea that the province has a superior standard of education—I have failed to recognize it." An admirer from Michigan told Mrs. Morrison that he was ready to take up the battle on this side of the border. And a B.C. parent complained that there aren't just rules in my son's knowledge—there are cubes.

So far Mrs. Morrison has filled all requests for her mimeographed self help kits, but now her stencils are almost worn out. So is Mrs. Morrison. Besides coping with illness in her own family she has been tutoring 17 students in order to demonstrate that their marks would improve once they had mastered the fundamentals in her arithmetic course. Now she has more requests for tutoring than she can possibly handle. "I can't meddle," she says. "But I can't resist trying to put some desperate youngsters on the road to achieving more in school."

Mrs. Morrison started her fight for fundamentals four years ago when her son, a top grade 10 student, couldn't answer algebra questions on an examination sponsored by the National Mathematics Congress. Mrs. Morrison went back to the University of Manitoba for her Bachelor of Education degree and took a job teaching junior high school. After three years of teaching and writing critical letters to Winnipeg newspapers—one school official called her an insecure adult who thinks the younger generation is going to the dogs"—she quit her job and wrote a series of newspaper articles lambasting the Manitoba education system. So many parents wrote to say they agreed with her that Mrs. Morrison put together her grammar course and started mimeographing it on a machine she bought with the money returned to her from the teachers' pension fund.

Since September she has mailed out 1,900 mimeographed kits. The kits have grown from 25 pages to 62 pages, and next fall the price will probably go up from 25c to 50c. Although she is comfortably well off—her husband is vice-president of an insurance company—Mrs. Morrison insists on financing her crusade on the income from her kits. This summer she plans to work on a grammar textbook and a new algebra section for her kits and to continue tutoring her daughter—her son is now doing well at university—in the fundamentals. "I'm going to have to call a halt in the kits until fall," she says. "But then I'll mail new ones to all the people who have written me during the summer. This is really much more here than teaching."

The only thing that worries Mrs. Morrison now is her own success. She's afraid it may have stiffened the opposition in her among school officials. That helped to convert the people in the driver's seat, she says. "But now I'm not sure they will budge—because of their pride. The issues have been brought out in the open and the school officials are on the defensive."

RAY TULLOCH

FOOTNOTES

About jazz musicians: Three University of Pittsburgh lecturers have studied 30 of the world's top performers and found them as far out as the music they play. In youth the musicians turned to jazz to escape conformity and a dominant parent — usually mom. Aggressive types went for the loud brasses and percussion instruments while the passive rebels took up reeds and strings. Most were married and divorced early, and four out of five had a record of indulgence in liquor, drugs and promiscuity. The doctors found one note on the upbeat: some of the musicians married good women later in life.

About native industries: A New York department store recently advertised "imported Canadian baby carriages ... the world's best."

About neuroses: They can be "contagious" within a family, according to a report given to the Society of Medical Psychoanalysts in New York. Dr. Jan Ehrenwald, who studied four generations of a single family, said the pattern of nonadaption was formed by the relationship of paired opposites—father-son, mother-daughter, brother-sister. "One partner of a family pair transmits his neurotic attitudes to his opposite number," he reported.

About adult entertainments: In Manchester, England, Malcolm Patton, a 16-year-old actor who starred in the movie *A Kind of Loving*, was barred from seeing the film. It was ruled unsuitable for teenagers.



BACKSTAGE

IN OTTAWA with Peter C. Newman



U.S. REPORT

Ian Sclanders IN WASHINGTON

Canada's rolling dollar: first crisis after the election

Behind the sudden devaluation of the Canadian dollar is the threat of the worst foreign exchange crisis Canada has faced since 1947. Fixing the dollar on May 2 at a pegged rate of 92½ cents averted the immediate danger by halting an unprecedented run on our currency. But it didn't remove the factors that generated the run, and it is these weak spots in our economy that the government will have to repair and quickly.

What really worries many of the experts who've studied the situation is that in eight months of relentless dithering, the postwar period's currency devaluation has been immediately followed by a heavy influx of investment funds, stabilizing the currency at its new level. But in Canada's case at least up to this date the money seems to flow out of Canada with few signs that the trend would eventually reverse itself.

The first step in restoration of international confidence in our dollar—and that broadly is the root of our currency troubles—*has* to involve some fairly dramatic gesture that will persuade nations investors that our new government intends at least to attempt a reversal of the ernest-spirited budget deficits of the last five years. That's why no matter what impression was left on the hustings, the government cannot at once launch some populist scheme that involves massive federal expenditures. Instead it will have to pledge itself to hold down government spending.

Worst threat: rigid controls

The direction Canadian economic development takes during the next decade will depend to a considerable degree on what happens next to our dollar. While no one can predict exactly how something as intangible as world financial opinion will shift from month to month, these factors must be taken into account:

1. That we will manage to hold the dollar at its current level, and no one fiscal policies improvements presently in the works will pass. This is the official view of senior advisers at the Finance Department. They believe the 92½ cent rate is appropriate to our economic circumstances and that if the government follows a sensible fiscal policy our exchange problem will vanish. The tendency in official Ottawa is to regard the May 2 devaluation as more of a warning than a crisis.

2. That the pressure against our dollar will continue and that we'll have to call on the International Monetary Fund for help. One of the advantages of pegging our exchange with the IMF is that it will make loans from its reserves to help keep our currency within one percent of the set rate. Canada's gold and U.S. dollar holdings dropped by $618 million between last October and May 31, leaving our reserves at the lowest level in a decade. If there's an even major run on the Canadian dollar we'll be able to bolster our reserves with IMF funds. To lend us the required sums, however, the governors of the IMF would probably demand that Canada improve her own exchange situation by restricting federal budgetary deficits or, as was the case in Britain recently, by applying official pressure against the upward trend in prices and wages. "The IMF won't stop Canada living in sin, but it won't finance it either," is the way one bond dealer explains it.

3. That the federal government through the Bank of Canada will raise interest rates enough to attract U.S. investment here on a large scale. This would probably mean returning to a fixed and higher bank rate (the minimum charge by the Central Bank on its loans to chartered banks) which in turn would mean a return to "tight" money.

4. That we'll have to devalue again, probably down to 90 cents. This probability is being all but ruled out because it would be only a stopgap measure which in effect would confess our inability to handle the situation.

5. That none of these measures will work and the federal government will have to introduce a rigid system of foreign exchange controls and import quotas. This would be the most drastic step of all. It would probably mean that Canadians couldn't holiday in the U.S. and that only very limited amounts of imported goods would be allowed into the country. At present no one in Ottawa really believes the crisis will reach such proportions but W. Irwin McLaughlin, president of the Royal Bank of Canada, told his annual meeting in January that a fixed exchange rate would almost inevitably lead to new controls to minimize it. Eric Kierans, president of the Montreal Stock Exchange, has warned that "Canada's economic independence is threatened by the adoption of a pegged rate for our dollar."

Devaluation certainly will help to push up the influx of American tourists into Canada this summer. It will also make many of our goods more competitive in world markets, thus by creating some new jobs in the export industries. But at the same time the move will be reflected in a higher cost of living. The Canadian Importers and Traders Association, for example, has predicted that if we import during 1962 at the same rate as last year the lower price of our dollar will add about $700 million to the cost of the goods we consume.

Price increases have already been announced for imported plastics, foods, textiles, furniture and metals. Some economists predict that the drop in the exchange rate will eventually mean a 2½ per cent rise in the cost of living.

While there's much disagreement over the effects of the devaluation, its causes are less obscure. At least part of the reason the Canadian dollar slipped in value so suddenly at midnight on May 2 was that it had been allowed to remain at an artificially high rate far too long.



The heady days of $1.06

In 1950 the Canadian dollar was set to float according to the international laws of supply and demand. It had previously been pegged at ninety cents, a rate so favorable to foreign speculators that "hot" investment money was coming into the country and snapping up Canadian securities at bargain rates. The international appetite for Canadian raw materials remained so strong from 1950 to 1960 that American investment funds were flowing into the country at a gross rate of three million dollars a day. The resultant demand for Canadian currency pushed the value of our dollar up to $1.06 American.

By the end of the fifties, when the resource boom had calmed down, Ottawa's "tight money" policies, which James Coyne was going out of the Bank of Canada to forced, many Canadian municipalities, provinces and corporations to go for their financing into the U.S. money market. This maintained the heavy inflow of American currency and the upward pressure on the Canadian dollar.

While the value of our dollar was kept high Canada as a trading nation was annually going into debt. In every year since 1956 this country has had an unfavorable balance of payments account (more imports than exports) of over a billion dollars. This precarious situation could last only as long as the inflow of American investment funds continued. When the stream of incoming U.S. dollars began drying up earlier this year, our dollar *had* to fall.

Foreign investors reduced their flow of money into this country for four main reasons:

- The general slowdown of our economy particularly in the investment hungry resource sector. (The current upturn is expected to last only until November.)
- More lucrative alternate investment opportunities opening up for American business dollars, particularly in the Common Market countries.
- A general loss of confidence in the stability of investing in Canada. Premier W. A. C. Bennett's expropriation of B.C. Electric was a big contributor here.
- A cooling of American investors toward Canada as a result of the Diefenbaker government's cutback in the rate of budgetary deficits in contrast to its attitude toward tightening money into the Common Market. The Coyne episode and the anti-American measures in Donald Fleming's baby budget of 1960.

The cumulative effect of the sudden halt in the investment dollar inflow that kept the Canadian dollar too high for too long gave the nervousness among world financial speculators that Canada couldn't even run its exchange rate much longer resulted in a run against our dollar during the last week of April.

The jelly bean issue

The government tried to hold back the monetary avalanche by buying Canadian currency in world money markets, so that the supply-demand situation might balance itself. The money used for this operation came out of the exchange stabilization fund of reserve of gold and U.S. dollars maintained by the Bank of Canada. During the few days before May 2, the FSF was spending more than fifty million dollars a day in a desperate bid to bolster our dollar.

To stop the flight of capital the Diefenbaker government was finally forced to peg the Canadian dollar at 92½. None of the political leaders during the campaign really brought out the deeper significance—or the probable consequences—of the drop in value of our currency. To do so they would have had to admit that most of the promises they were making would be postponed until the exchange crisis has been licked.

Devaluation. John Diefenbaker declared as if frequent foreign repetition would make it true, "means increased exports, increased jobs and more prosperity for Canada." Lester Pearson meanwhile was peppering the Tories with accusations that the devaluation was "a confession of the complete failure of the government's economic policy." Throughout their campaign the Liberals made good use of the name by distributing phony "Diefendollars" (the Bank [sic] of Canada will pay the bearer on demand more or less one dollar") and at a Vancouver rally a liberally minded calypso band put one of devaluation's effects to music by singing:

"Dropped the dollar on the federal scene
Put up the price of jelly beans."

Of farmers, McCarthyism and the official big hello

The latest Russian and American atomic tests may doom to short painful lives hundreds of thousands of children yet unborn. Some of the greatest scientists in the world say this will be the case, and a couple of them have even picketed the White House to show how strongly they feel about it. Other scientists also of international stature say the tests will do mankind little harm, if any.

Since the experts can't agree, the ordinary individual doesn't know what to think. But in the United States at least he's taking an unnecessary chances. The navy has news for the dairy industry. Milk in the mind of the layman is firmly associated with fallout. His imagines thousands of cows downing down on pasturefood and news about eating it up like Laertius sweepers cleaning a rug and adding poison to their milk.

The painters has been encouraged by the newspaper advertising and other propaganda of several of the more militant antibomb organizations. Governor Nelson Rockefeller of New York has called the propaganda a libel against milk and urged the producers to fight back. Agricultural officials have said repeatedly that the picture is a gross exaggeration that the calculations mislead thoroughly confused in the conflict among the experts has impended with science and a maybe yes—may be no—and brought less and less milk every year.



No wonder dairy farmers are alarmed these days. On top of what the fear of fallout is doing to their market, there's the fear of cholesterol which milk contains and which some medical researchers have pinned down as a major cause of cerebral diseases and heart attacks. A lot of people who used to look on milk as absolutely essential to health will no longer touch it at all. And then there are the millions who while they couldn't care less about strontium 90 or cholesterol regard milk cream better and ice cream as fattening and shun them in order to stay slim.

U.S. government statistics tell the story of the dairy farmer's woes. The per-capita consumption of fluid milk for the year 1945 was 399 pounds. By 1956 it had slipped to 350 pounds; in 1961 it was 335 pounds; and last year it was 314 pounds. Each American, on an average, has cut his intake of milk by roughly a pound and two thirds every week.

The drop in butter intake has been sharper. In 1941, the per-capita consumption of butter in the U.S. was 16 pounds. It is currently running at 7.5 pounds a year—down by more than half. As against this margarine consumption is up from a 1935-39 average of 2.9 pounds to 9.5 pounds. It will be noted that the combined consumption of butter and margarine today is lower than the combined consumption of butter and margarine was decades ago reflecting a dietary trend away from fat.

This trend is creating problems not only for milk producers but also for meat producers. Traditionally they have raised fat strains of cattle and hogs because fat strains yield the largest gain in weight per pound of feed. U.S. grading standards in the main are based on the principle that the fattest meat is the tenderest and tastiest, that the best.

But lately dietitians have gone all out for lean meat on the grounds of both health and economy and housewives have been avoiding meat they consider too fat. As a result, grading standards, especially for beef, are being revised and "cutability"—the percentage of salable meat a retailer can cut from a side or carcass—will soon be a factor in grading. The U.S. department of agriculture anticipates that this will encourage the breeding of leaner livestock.

And the U.S. army has just announced that it is studying a new diet to whittle the percentage of fat is dissipated by enlisted men. This is the result of the finding that atherosclerosis is the leading cause—aside from accidents—of death and disability among men on active duty. The army's actions in a country with compulsory military service... are certain to influence civilians.

What all this means is that American farmers whose industry has been rudely challenged several times in the last two generations may have to face up to yet another revolution. They may have to adjust themselves to the fact that a large part of the population thinks that animal fats—one of the farmers principal products—are more dangerous than desirable.

The Ghost Who Walks

Senator Joseph McCarthy has been dead since 1957, but his smirch influence goes marching on. It paraded today under the pennant of the John Birchers and similar ultra-frightened nativist organizations that seem dedicated to steadily annihilating human dignity.

Thanks to McCarthy, applicants for many U.S. government jobs still have to undergo a degrading ordeal. They are subjected to lie detector tests. They are interrogated by psychiatrists and psychologists—not about their pot quaffing habits as much as about their sex habits and general philosophy. Detectives question their neighbors, former employers and college classmates about them.

But this sort of inquisition is no longer restricted to people applying for positions in the more sensitive areas of government. Private businesses in also adopting it. A National Labor Relations Board hearing, has recently revealed that the Southland Corporation, which operates a chain of 65 grocery stores in the Washington area, has been hushing its employees and prospective employees to lie detecting machines and



questioning them about drinking, the use of narcotics, previous dismissals, arrest, sinning from past employers, snooping up shotgun homosexuality, and times designed to overthrow the government" mental illness and shameful comings that might expose them to blackmail.

So if you shop in a Southland Corporation store you'll know that the young man who rings up your purchases at the cash register is sober, sane and bitter-sexual, and another takes dope, not plans to overthrow the government.

All but a remnant graduates of a Washington high school he may even believe it or not have shaved armpits and fingernails that gleam with colorless polish and exude a slight aroma of lily of the valley. And he will act, of course, have neglected to freshen up his make up.

No I'm not kidding. Let me refer you to the "Handbook for Executives," 25,000 copies of which were distributed by the Board of Education in Washington high school students this spring. There are two versions of the handbook one for girls one for boys. Here are excerpts from the one put out for boys:

"If you have not become an expert in trimming your nails, try a periodic visit to a manicurist. Notice that she pushes back the cuticle trims nails neatly but insensibly and applies a protective colorless coat of polish.

"If you need to tame your bulges, enquire about various foundation garments for men.

"See that unwanted hair is removed from under the arms. If only effective and holds perspiration and odor. There are many successful methods, depilatory, electrolysis, waxes or shaving with the electric or safety razor.

"Wear a touch of mild fragrance. Rated high among them are those with a background of spice, likes of the valley and lavender.

Never be so bogged down with work that you can't take time to freshen up your make up or general appearance."

Everyman's White House

This is by way of being an odious comparison. At Ottawa when I was last there—and I guess it is still the same—the visitor who arrived a government building had the feeling of being an intruder. You needed a true-blue guided tour of the Parliament buildings but the doors of the prime minister's residence were not thrown open to the public and while the departmental buildings were open, the attendants looked as though they expected you to justify your presence by visiting your business. There were few displays or exhibits to attract your interest or give you an excuse for prowling around in a leisurely pace.

In Washington the attitude is vastly different. The White House is open most days of the week, with people from all over the United States a few hundreds number of them schoolchildren streaming through its stately rooms. And in the Capitol and the departmental buildings the attendants are downright hospitable. Visitors are welcomed not just by guests but as citizens whose taxes finance and maintain the buildings and the services directed from the buildings. They are shown what their money pays for.

That can be exemplified by the sightseers in the Federal Bureau of Investigation's historic solving crimes and FBI agents penetrating on an indoor marksmanship range. They can see motorboating stopped and paper secretary engraved. There can attend free movies about farm life, crop rotation, correct plowing and conservation at the department of agriculture building, or look at the game and [illegible] animals in the quarantine section of the department of commerce building.



Maybe it wouldn't be a bad idea if Ottawaonk a leaf from Washington's book. I did a bit more sightseeing. For [illegible] although it strikes most visitors a beautiful city, also strikes them [illegible] and dignified and formidable.

ENTERTAINMENT

Will CBC revive soap opera? Listen next October...

The CBC which hasn't had a drama serial on English-language TV since 1953, is going to have two of them next season at a cost that may run to $1,500,000. They're the biggest single projects the network has ever attempted.

The first one, still untitled but already dubbed "the soap opera" by officials of the rival CTV network, will run half an hour a day, five days a week, for 39 weeks, starting in October. It will be set in an imaginary Canadian town and will present a complete serial every week in five installments. Subsidiary characters in the works show will turn up as leads in the following week. Shooting will start Aug. 15 on scripts adapted from a library of radio and TV plays by the late Robert Howard Lindsay, a Canadian native who wrote mostly in the U.S.

The second and more ambitious show is tentatively called Canadian Playhouse. It is 52 weeks a year show which is already being filmed, although it won't be aired until April, 1963. It will be a half hour, once-a-week series of serials, mostly dramatizations of Canadian novels or of original stories with a strong Canadian regional flavor.

The first serial, in eight parts, will be a dramatization of Thomas Raddall's Nova Scotia novel, The Wings of Night, starring Jamis Doohan and Jeremy Wilkin. It will be followed by a six part thriller, The Other Man, which won a bit on British TV for which it was originally written. It will star Douglas Rain and Tony van Bridge. Latin scripts will include a story set in a Quebec ski resort, and one set on Bay Street, Toronto's financial district.

The installments will be shot one at a time. The actors in The Other Man aren't being told whodunnit until they get to the last installment, mostly in CBC studios in Toronto. Outdoor location scenes filmed in Nova Scotia or on Bay Street, will be spliced in.

The project is a bonanza for Toronto actors, who normally get little work in the summer unless they're at the Stratford festival. The Raddall novel will use about 50 performers, the British thriller about 35. A supporting actor used to each installment of Canada Playhouse serial will make about $1,200, a featured player about $2,000. Helping actors isn't the reason for trying to the summer, though—there's a shortage of studio space in the rainy winter months.

The CBC hopes to sell Canada Playhouse for use in other countries and recoup part of its estimated $750,000 cost. The network owns only the Canadian rights to the only serial which is being made by a Toronto commercial video firm which is on the verge of selling it in England. So far the CBC hasn't got sponsors for either show.

GEORGE RYAN

The true-life fairy tale of Helen Hagnes' violin

When Ed Hagnes was crippled in a B.C. forest accident he moved his family to a two-room cabin near Abbotsford and began planning Enid for a small chicken farm. There wasn't always much to eat—the family lived largely on porridge,—but there was a secondhand piano. By the time she was three, Helen Hagnes was playing the piano and composing little pieces, and at four she won a first prize in the Chilliwack Music Festival.

When Helen was eight, a teacher told her parents she should be playing the violin, and offered to give her a half-sized instrument if they would pay for lessons. It wasn't easy, but Helen herself helped by selling berries by the roadside and singing and playing at neighborhood concerts in the Fraser Valley. She also practised three hours a day on the violin.

Helen is 13 now. She has entered 26 competitions and won 25 of them. Twice a week she climbs into her father's pickup truck and rides 38 miles to Vancouver for lessons and rehearsals which her father delivers. Helen is first violinist in the Douglas Stewart String Orchestra and last year she played the Vivaldi Concerto in A minor under conductor Stewart who is also her teacher. "It is a work that demands mature musicianship," Stewart says.

One of Helen's fans is David Griffiths, British music critic and examiner for the Trinity College of Music of Cambridge who has been watching her progress for four years. "I anticipate that this charming and talented child will become an international concert violinist," he says.

It was Griffiths who officiated at Helen's first big triumph when she stepped on the stage of the Queen Elizabeth Theatre to receive two trophies, a championship crown and the highest standing in all string instruments at the B.C. Music Festival. But Helen was to win still more on that memorable night.

She was recalled to the stage while Griffiths told the story of violinmaker Ernest Lindberg, a pensioner who had died and left only one legacy—his treasured Jenny Lind violin. It was a copy of Heinitz Dolphin Stradivarius and once won an award in Europe and Mischa Elman once played it. For several years the Violin Makers' Association of B.C., under the terms of Lindberg's bequest, had been looking for a young musician worthy of Lindberg's violin. That night they and Griffiths decided unanimously that the quiet lad ended.

Helen Hagnes has won three scholarships with the Jenny Lind violin, and at this year's Vancouver festival she took highest marks among all entries. Helen was delighted—as glowed as the day when she first got a dress that was all her own and not a make-over.

There is a postscript to the story that Helen's parents have never told. Helen was not yet born on the night 13 years ago when Ed Hagnes limestone and disgruntled after the accident that cost him the use of one arm, met Ernest Lindberg, a fellow immigrant from Sweden, and invited him to the single basement room in Vancouver where the Hagnes family of four then lived. For supper they served porridge and milk — all the food they had. They hadn't met Lindberg again and had forgotten his name until the night when Lindberg's prize violin found an heir.

ANNE GARRETT

MOVIES: Clyde Gilmour

Unblinking comedy

A TASTE OF HONEY: A radiant little ugly duckling named Rita Tushingham makes a memorable screen debut in this angry, funny and immensely poignant British film edition of the transAtlantic stage success. Shelagh Delaney was still in her teens when she wrote the play. The movie, creatively directed by Tony Richardson, is even better than the original, although its unblinking scrutiny of human frailties and corroded family relationships may offend some of the customers. Miss Tushingham appears as an illegitimate schoolgirl who is neglected by her tarnish mother (Dora Bryan), left pregnant by her Negro sweetheart (Paul Danquah), and fondly mothered by a shy young homosexual (Murray Melvin).

THE COUNTERFEIT TRAITOR A true film spy story at times a bit short in cloak-and-dagger manuvers but permanently staged against European backdrops. With William Holden, Lilli Palmer.

HATARI! is an African adventure yarn about trappers in Tanganyika who capture jungle beasts for zoos and circuses. The animal-hunts are great fun to watch—and are badly needed throughout the almost gloriless story. John Wayne is in command of the expedition.

And these are worth seeing:
The Day the Earth Caught Fire
Experiment in Terror
The Miracle Worker
That Touch of Mink
West Side Story

PROFILE: How to win enemies and make good in broadcasting

Five days a week, at 12:10 p.m. and again at 6:10, there are as many as 42 per cent of the radios in British Columbia tuned to Jack Webster, a burly, 45 near-old Scottish born newscaster with a face like a return oatmeal cake and a smarting burr that has been described as "the worst raid on record." Webster's preferences in broadcasting has raised his income from $45 a week in 1954 to $20,000 a year today and earned him about as many enemies as fans.

Whether there's just report the rain of the day he attacks them. He has attacked graft in the provincial government, bombing by civic administrations, the municipal union, coked encyclopedia salesmen and other non-racketeers, accommodations in jails for prisoners, to local jails and more recently lawyers who dig their fingers into front funds. In passing, he likes to goad the Vancouver press: "Am I mentioning 'This is a story you won't read in your newspaper' enough?"



Much of Webster's success is due to the fact that he operates and he were still working for a newspaper.

Webster started as a cub reporter in Glasgow at the age of 14. He blames to have covered so many gang fights that the razor wielding hoodlums began to think of him as their public relations man. He went on to become news editor of the Daily Graphic in London and during the war, a major in the Sudanese Defense Force. His Sudanese troops nicknamed him "Aba Alam Kitir" which means "father of much talking."

After the war, he worked briefly in Fleet Street and then came to the Vancouver Sun where he was eventually made city editor. He switched to radio after a row with his managing editor and during a Vancouver police probe in 1955 and 1956 he made his name. The public was eager for sensational details—a chief of police eventually removed himself to the U.S.—but Webster was unable to take a microphone into the royal commission hearings. So he took everything down in shorthand and read hour long verbatim reports on the air. By the time the hearings were over, Webster had spiced some two million words and won an award for newscasting from Ohio State University. Since then he has specialized in exposés. Some of his more notable scoops:

■ When the Vancouver police budget would have had the city paying two chiefs of police at the same time—one working, one retired—Webster denounced blunderers at city hall. The mayor, stung by his attacks, rose to a luncheon club meeting a poem about Webster. The poem was called Ode to a Louse. On his program that night the delighted Webster replied with his own poem to the mayor. It was called Ode to a Mouse.

■ In a broadcast dubbed with provincial highways minister Philip Gaglardi, Webster complained that government contractors had been used to do some work on the Pentecostal church in Kamloops when Gaglardi was there. At the end of the interview, which became a shouting match, Webster roared: "If I'm wrong you can sue me for every nickel I've got and what's more, you can sue my station for every nickel it's got." Gaglardi didn't sue.

Webster considers that his greatest conquest so far came from Jimmy Hoffa, international head of the Teamsters union. After a 30 minute grilling by Webster, Hoffa exploded: "You must have come out of the blank blank woodwork."

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